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PREACHING UP TO THE TIMES.

This is a phrase about which there is some ambiguity. One class of preachers consider it their duty—or at least their privilege—to take notice of passing events, whether political or other, and discuss them in sermons. To such preachers an earthquake, a steamboat accident, or a conflagration is a windfall. They can make it the theme of a telling sermon. This is their idea of preaching up to the times.

But this phrase has a far different meaning with those clergy who recognize the importance of keeping abreast with the thought of the age. That thought is expressed in the current literature. Let one take up the American and foreign reviews and magazines, and that will be a rare case if he does not find one or more articles impugning the faith, either from a scientific or ethical source. The weekly and daily newspapers abound in open or covert assaults upon the principles or doctrines of Christianity. These publications find their way into the hands and homes of Christian people. They may not subvert the faith of any, but they impede the progress of the inquiring; they suggest doubts to the faithful, which will be likely to disturb, where they do not unsettle. Now the clergyman has access to these publications, and knowing from them what is in the minds of his people, he need never be at a loss for a subject. Oftentimes, without even naming the error he would refute, he can so shape a discourse as to solve doubts or silence objections. There are difficulties with

regard to Christian evidences or the interpretation of Scripture, the solution of which should be in the mind of every well instructed layman. But unfortunately our laymen are not all well instructed; and hence the sneers and blasphemies of Voltaire and Paine are still heard in the workshops, in the streets, and wherever men congregate, and our people are content to let them pass unanswered, and the clergy fail to provide them with the proper reply. The clergy reason, and correctly, that to be frequently naming objections for the purpose of refuting them, would be but to put difficulties into the minds of the people. But many a time the true exposition of a passage scatters the difficulty, without even naming it, and a statement of some fact in profane history solves a question of evidence.

But that which like a spectre frightens our clergy is this: This is an age in which science has called to its aid able and scholarly minds, and investigation being constantly pushed forward, facts are brought to light which are said to impugn the truth of the Scriptures, and even to favor Atheism. The pastor's studies have not been in that line. He has neither the time nor the ability to follow up and test the investigations of the scientist. He therefore feels powerless in the presence of such a Goliath. But he will find, on examination, that the difficulty lies not in science itself, not at all in the discoveries it makes, but in the logic of the scientists. And here is a ground on which both the scien-

tist and the theologian can stand as equals. A fact in nature is brought to light, and it is claimed that here is something in support of Atheism, and the mistaken champion of the truth immediately rushes upon the *fact* which is said to have been discovered. This is a ground with which he is not familiar, and he is pretty sure to be worsted. But the truth is, that there are among scientists devout Christians, who find in the new discoveries nothing contradictory to their faith, and error only in those theories which make a "philosophy falsely so called." The pastor can find in the current literature not only assaults upon Christianity, but answers to atheistical theorists. In this field he is not required to judge of the facts, but he ought to be able to detect the fallacies of mere theorists, and to understand and be able to set forth the refutations as given by Christian philosophers. But however this may be, the sooner the clergyman understands that the world moves, and that what is found in the text-books does not meet the modern phases of unbelief, the better. The people have no right to look for a thorough metaphysician or scientist, in their pastor, but as they cannot avoid hearing and reading the latest statements of that which is antagonistic to the faith, so their spiritual well-being demands of their pastor that he shall keep abreast with the thought of the age.

SPECULATIONS AS TO THE FUTURE LIFE.

Years ago, in the days of Bishop Butler, very much stress was laid upon the analogies in nature illustrating and supporting the idea of a future life, and the treatises then written were models of intellectual power and patient research. A great impression was produced, not only upon uneducated, but educated minds. Since that period science has progressed with

giant strides, and at every step has so largely added to the list of striking analogies or incidental proofs, that the illustrations of early date seem few in number, and dwarfed in proportion and force. The idea of an unseen immaterial existence involves also the idea of unseen activities and correspondences in the rayless realm. The most stolid of us cannot fail to be impressed with the beautiful analogies which recent scientific discovery affords. Do we not every day converse with unseen friends long distances away; do we not recognize their familiar voices in homes separated from us by rivers, woods, and mountains? These voices come out of the darkness, guided by a frail wire which science provides as a pathway. Even when the curtain of night is drawn about us, the voices are heard, and we have not the shadow of a doubt of their integrity and identity.

And further, have we not analogies of sight which startle us by their significance? Is it not true that when abroad we are open to the view of unseen observers long distances from us, and our every act and movement known? The excellence of optical instruments is such that we have seen the motion of the lips of persons in conversation, while sitting on a house balcony three miles distant, the observed of course wholly unconscious of being seen by any one.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry*.

To the above we venture to add another thought. There is that wonderful, but as yet little known and unappreciated instrument—a mere toy as yet—the phonograph. It needs but to be made more sensitive to be put to the various uses to which it is adapted. This done, and every sound, from the loudest shout to the minutest whisper, is recorded, and can be reproduced with all the inflections and intonations as accurately as the photograph records the minutiae of the object it depicts. These sounds are impressed upon a sheet of tinfoil, which may be laid away, and possibly in centuries afterwards, not merely the speech of the eloquent orator, or the

song of the musician, but the trivial evening conversation in a parlor, can be reproduced with all the unction and vivacity of life. The principle upon which this machine is constructed is that sound produces undulations, each particular sound creating its own. They make their impress, and are permanently recorded. This does not indeed necessarily show *how* our words are noted and made a record for the judgment of the last day, but it more than suggests the thought that if, by an established law of nature, every syllable that our lips utter may be made a matter of permanent record, it is not by any means an impossible thing that we are called to believe that through some other yet undiscovered process of nature, our thoughts and deeds, as well as our words, are even now permanently impressed somewhere, to be reproduced when "God shall bring every word into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."

TENURE OF CHURCH PROPERTY.

Every Churchman belongs to some parish. He is consequently interested in the property of the congregation, as well as in its parochial work. Perhaps it never occurred to him to inquire who owns that property, or in what sense it is owned by anybody. He knows perhaps that a subscription paper was circulated, that certain sums were contributed, with the distinct understanding that this was for the purpose of erecting a church in which religious services were to be conducted according to the rites and usages of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He knows that neither his money nor that of others whom he could name, would have been given but for this express understanding. He may never have suspected that in

certain circumstances this property might be mortgaged, sold under foreclosure, pass into the hands of some other religious body, or be used for secular purposes, and those who subscribed their money for the erection of an Episcopal church, be left without a remedy.

Yet this is even so. The church belongs to the congregation, of which the vestry are trustees. The church is in debt. The vestry can mortgage the property, and failing to pay at the appointed time, the building may be sold.

Or worse than this may happen. The vestry and a majority of the congregation may become alienated from the Church. They may become infidels or Roman Catholics or Baptists, or anything, and the edifice which was solemnly consecrated to Almighty God for His worship according to the rites and usages of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and which was erected by money subscribed for that purpose alone, is alienated without a remedy.

Our readers cannot have forgotten the case of Christ church, Chicago. The rector and a large majority of the congregation seceded to the Reformed Episcopalians, retaining the property, which they claimed they had the right to do. A suit was begun by the ecclesiastical authority for the reclaiming of the church edifice. The bill of complaint set forth that the parish of Christ church was a part and parcel of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Illinois, and had acceded to the constitution and canons of the Church. This the defendants admitted, but they held that this had nothing to do with the temporal rights and secular affairs of the parish; that that was purely a civil corporation under the laws of the State. The decision of the court was that the trus-

tees of a religious society did not hold property for the benefit of any Church or doctrines, but solely for the congregation; that the trustees are not to be classified with ecclesiastical persons, but with civil corporations under the law as administered by the civil courts. This property accordingly, by this decision, became alienated from the possession and control of the Diocese of Illinois.

The possibility of the recurrence of such a case ought to awaken the attention of the Church to the subject of the tenure of Church property. It is easy to conceive how, for example, in a rural parish, where by death, removals, and the decay of the town, the congregation may become unable to sustain services, except irregularly; how in time the surviving members may be replaced by those holding views in opposition to the doctrines of the Church, and being "members of the congregation," may alienate the property.

The Rev. D. D. Chapin of Stillwater, Minn., has written an excellent tract upon this subject, which we wish could obtain a wide circulation. He has gathered information with regard to the manner in which Church property is held in most of the States and Dioceses, and we are gratified to say that he has been able to show that there is a decided improvement in this respect. A beginning has been made, and in due time a way will no doubt be found to prevent such disasters as we have shown to be possible under existing circumstances.

By an amendatory law passed by the Legislature of the State of New York in 1875, it was provided that the trustees of a church should administer its temporal affairs according to the rules and usages of the denomination to which the church members of the corporation belong. Other States

have passed a similar law. Whether such laws are *retroactive* or not, is a question.

Several dioceses have secured the incorporation of a Board of Trustees for the purpose of holding real estate. So long ago as 1863 a corporation of this kind was made for the benefit of Western New York. Where these corporations exist, the title of Church property may be placed in their hands in trust for the benefit and use of any parish. In this way the property which was procured by funds expressly stated to be contributed for some congregation of the Protestant Episcopal Church, can never be diverted from the original purpose. We know of parishes which have availed themselves of this, and the members of such congregations have the comfortable assurance that whatever the chances and changes in the community, the property will always be held for the purpose for which it was erected or purchased, and that the solemn act of consecration will ever be respected.

Dr. Arthur Mitchell defines civilization as a sort of bond or compact to defeat the action of natural selection, and the degree of success attained in the struggle is the measure of civilization reached in each case: and he holds that it is just as probable that savages are degraded forms of humanity as that the civilized man is an elevated form. His recent treatise, entitled "The Past in the Present," has created quite a flutter among the placid disciples of the Darwinian school of anthropologists.

The Christian life is a long and continual tendency of our hearts toward that eternal goodness which we desire on earth. All our happiness consists in thirsting for it. Now, this thirst is prayer. Ever desire to approach your Creator, and you will never cease to pray. Do not think it is necessary to pronounce many words. —*Fenelon*.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

EVENINGS WITH MY PARISHIONERS.

X.—CHURCH AUTHORITY.

If my object in these meetings was to set my people to thinking, I had abundant reason to congratulate myself on the success of the last meeting. Again and again, as I met members of my flock in the street or at their houses, I had evidence that some persons' eyes had been opened, others had received some new ideas, and others still were really perplexed. Though the evening appointed for the next meeting was rainy, yet we had more than our usual attendance.

'My Roman Catholic friend,' said Mr. Emerson, 'tells me that if we admit the Bible to be the Word of God, and as such of divine authority, we must likewise admit that the Church is infallible, for it is through the Church that we obtain the Scriptures; the Church having attested the fact that such, and such books were the identical ones which had been written by inspired men, and received as such.'

'I fear,' I replied, 'that even if we grant this, it would not help the cause of your friend much, unless he could show—which I am quite positive he cannot—that the Church on whose authority we received the several books of Scripture, was the Church of Rome.'

'But I perceive,' he replied, 'that you use the word *authority*.'

'Mr. Emerson,' said I, 'did you not tell me the other day, as a fact coming within your own knowledge, that Mr. Barnum, a Methodist minister, was about to leave his denomination and prepare himself to enter the ministry of our Church?'

'I did so.'

'I mentioned this to my neighbor, the Methodist minister of the place, and what do you suppose was his reply?'

I was not a little amused at the curious look of my auditors. They were evidently puzzled to know what all this had to do with the subject before us.

'I am sure I could not conjecture,' was his reply.

'He asked me,' I resumed, 'on whose *authority* do you say this?'

'Ah, I perceive,' said he, not a little amused. 'You mean to say that the Scriptures came to us on the *testimony* of the Church.'

There was a pause for a moment, when Mr. Bion broke in, 'But this cannot be the only sense.'

'The word *authority*,' I replied, 'is used in two senses. We submit to the authority of a lawful government. We believe a statement on the authority of a credible witness. Now the Church is styled "the witness and keeper of Holy Writ." She bears testimony to the genuineness and authenticity of the books of Scripture, and preserves them unimpaired for our use.'

Pausing for a moment, I could hardly restrain myself from laughing outright as I overheard Mrs. West saying in an undertone, 'Well, that looks reasonable. I was thinking of taking my things, and leaving.' Despite of this protest, however, I proceeded:

'The Church has authority in both senses. That would be a very strange kind of society which has no authority over its members. But there is much misunderstanding arising from confounding the two meanings of the word *authority*. Suppose we look at it first in the sense of bearing witness or testimony, leaving entirely out of consideration the authority of the Church as a ruler or governor, as having power to decide controversies.

'Here is a book called the New

Testament. We can trace it, as you all know, up to the very days of the Apostles themselves. The history of the canon is too long to be recited now. There were some books which some Christians received as inspired, which were afterward rejected. Some of the inspired writings were for a time denied to be such. But by the very same process by which the genuineness of other writings is attested, the books of the New Testament were found to be authentic, at a time when the whole Church was undivided. The whole Church was satisfied with regard to this, and accepted what we call the canon, and on the authority of such testimony the whole Church receives it now.'

Before proceeding to the next division of this subject, I waited to allow time for a little desultory conversation in order to make sure that I was fully understood. In that pause something was said about tradition, and quite a little discussion took place with regard to the value of that testimony.

'We must certainly admit,' I said, 'that if this witness is competent to establish the genuineness of our New Testament, it is not to be rejected when it testifies to any other facts. It does testify, for example, to the practice of Infant Baptism—'

'But that does not make it right,' broke in Mrs. West.

'Why not?' I asked.

'Because,' said she, 'it must be proved by Scripture.'

'But suppose,' I replied, 'that I say that Scripture does prove it?'

'Then,' said she, 'I am afraid I should be so impolite as to dispute you.'

'How, then, shall we decide?' I asked.

'Why, by appealing to the Scriptures.'

'But we have done that already,' I said, 'and don't agree. Suppose, then, that we call in as umpire the same authority that decides for us what the canon of the New Testament is.'

After a moment's pause she replied, 'But I don't see what is gained if as you say the Church gives us a New Testament, provided it virtually takes it out of our hands again, and interprets it for us.'

'The Church does not quite do that,' I said. 'There is one thing which is not often thought of. It is true that facts are one thing, and doctrines quite another. And yet doctrines may become matters of fact.'

I perceived that my auditors were waiting for an explanation.

'Suppose that we are in doubt as to what the Apostles actually meant to teach on a certain point. If by the very same testimony by which we prove the genuineness and authenticity of the Scriptures we can show how the Apostles and their contemporaries or immediate successors by their actions understood those words, that would settle the question. Failing in that, if we could show what was the prevailing practice of the Church in the days immediately succeeding—following, I mean, the same course of testimony as to teaching and usage which we do in the other case—it becomes a matter of fact that, for example, the observance of the first day of the week, the practice of Infant Baptism, and the three Orders of the Ministry, were the custom and law. Now if, in examining these questions by Scripture, we should find ourselves unable to come to a satisfactory conclusion, we ought to be thankful that we have in the testimony of the Church an ample and satisfactory umpire. So also with regard to certain doctrines. If it can be satisfactorily shown—as undoubtedly it can be—that the doc-

trine of the Divinity of Christ, that of the Trinity of Persons in the God-head, and other matters set forth in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, were received by the Early Church as the teaching of Scripture, it follows that such were the doctrines held and taught by the Apostles themselves. These doctrines, then, are thus established as *matters of fact*, and this upon the authority of the Church as a witness.'

'But it strikes me,' said Mr. Stiles, 'that something is said in one of our Articles about the Church having authority in controversies in matters of faith. This would seem to indicate something more than mere passive testimony. Does it not imply an assembly or council, to meet, hear, and decide?'

'Before the Church was divided,' I replied, 'such councils did meet and decide such questions. But their decision never rested upon the mere personal views of a majority of those comprising the council. The question in one form or another was virtually, What has been the faith from the beginning? Each representative was called upon to state what his branch of the Church had received, and the decision was the sum of the concurrent testimony thus obtained. It is providential that all questions upon the fundamentals of the faith, and all important matters pertaining to usage, were thus settled while the Christian Church was undivided. We have thus the voice of the whole Church, not that of any local branch or division. It is not the authority of the Church of Jerusalem, or Antioch, or Rome, or Russia, or England, or America, but of the whole undivided Christian Church. It is an authority which cannot be exercised again until the whole Christian Church shall be reunited.'

It was now growing late, and I added briefly, 'I alluded to an authority of the Church over its members. No local church and no one branch of the Church has the right to set forth new matters of faith. But just as any club or secular society has the right to set forth bylaws and rules for its members, so every diocese and parish has the right to make regulations to which the individual members are in duty bound to conform. To say that the Church in such matters has authority, is simply assenting to the general principles of discipline in any organization. But when we speak of the authority of the Christian Church, we refer to what the Great Head of the Church has given her, and in the exercise of which she is able to prove that hers is the faith of the early ages.'

Some of the members of a Presbyterian church in Xenia, Ohio, do not like their pastor, and they have tried to get rid of him. The case found its way to the Presbytery. It appeared that there was no charge against the man, affecting either his soundness in the faith, his pastoral fidelity, or his personal Christian character. It was only that some of the people do not like him. The Presbytery decided that, in their judgment, no good and sufficient reason for dissolving the pastoral relation has been shown to exist. They say: "It is the opinion of Presbytery that the mere dislike of their pastor, on the part of some of his people, is by no means a sufficient reason for dismissing him from his pastoral charge, any more than his personal dislike of them would be a reason for dismissing them from their membership in the church." This is very well put. It is a rule that will work both ways. If the minister does not like some of the members of the congregation, he ought to consider that perhaps some of the members of the congregation have cause not to like him. And if some of a congregation do not like their minister, it might be suggested to them that if he can endure them, they ought to be willing to put up with him.

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A DAY AND A HALF AMONG THE HILLS.

It was early in September, on an unusually warm day for the season, that our train trundled slowly out of the Grand Central Depot at New York, rumbled through the dim recesses of the tunnel, crossed the bridge at Harlem, and with gradually increasing speed was soon flying northward, along the banks of the Hudson.

The great metropolis is soon but a confused memory of dust and glare—of thronging travellers, porters, and hackmen—of luscious heaps of plums, grapes, and peaches, and towering piles of Saratoga trunks—for the tide of returning Summer tourists has already begun to ebb—and we gladly exchange the sight of its uneasy strife for that of the tranquil mountains, which with flower-embroidered feet and barren heads skirt our undeviating path. But though the city be left behind us, Man is not—his trace is everywhere, even here, where the mountain's rocky faces are being rent away, to gaze hereafter upon a different world in the guise of "brown stone fronts." And further on, as we pass the long sheds where the bricks are piled in monotonous ranks, we give another sigh for the poor earth so constantly despoiled to furnish homes for her oppressors. One recognizes the fitness of the sentence—that their dust shall return again to her bosom which has so suffered at their hands.

And when I said we had not left Man behind us, I should have included *Woman* also, for all through the day, and during a distance of 200 miles, there was scarcely a quarter of an hour when the clotheslines, with their flying burden, did not betray the presence of *Woman* and washing-day. Washing-day up the Hudson, washing-day along the Mohawk! Where-

ever Man had erected a domicile, *Woman* had hung out her sheets and shirts!

Still steadily northward till noon has passed, and a drizzling rain blots out the landscape, so that we gladly take refuge in books and work, till the sudden change of tone in the keynote of our wheels, warns us that we are on the bridge which spans the Hudson at Albany, and soon after our weary steed comes to a halt, and the train and its burden are allowed an interval of rest and refreshment.

The rain falls steadily, and the prospect is not inviting to such of our fellow passengers as pace back and forth under the shelter of friendly umbrellas; but in due time the hour is over, and once more we are speeding along, this time to the westward and through the valley of the Mohawk, where the graceful broomcorn forms a frequent feature of the landscape. We occupy our attention with books till late in the afternoon, when the grand scenery about Little Falls breaks on our view, its grandeur enhanced by the brilliant sunset sky before us, and the blackness of a threatening shower behind.

A city with a classic name yields us a supper and a night's rest, and the next day we resume our journey, now in a southerly direction. The broomcorn has given place to buckwheat, which reddens all the hillsides, save where the ungraceful stacks of hemlock poles—suggesting the original wigwam—proclaim that the season of hop-gathering is over. This is no special express, flying across the country at full speed, but a train which proceeds at a more leisurely pace, not neglecting a single station of the legion that line its path, so that sheer weariness compels us again to resort

to our magazines, with an occasional glance at the landscape without.

It was nearly noon when the brakeman shouted the name of our destination, and we left the train in a state of bewildered surprise, at finding ourselves actually at the place which it had been our dream for years to visit. Our object was not exactly to search for "the bones of our ancestors," but the long-delayed fulfilment of a promise to visit their former homes and haunts.

We were at once taken possession of by kind friends, and made perfectly at home in this quiet village among the hills—hills which we did not remain long enough to become familiar with, and whose presence was oppressive and startling to eyes accustomed to stray for two or three miles across the rippling silver of Long Island Sound. On first looking from the window, I felt almost as if I had received a blow in the face from a towering hill, which obscured three-quarters of the panes. There was something in those swelling masses, rearing their crests to heaven, that stifled me and filled me with a crushing sense of insignificance. Had we remained longer, I feel sure I should soon have climbed the nearest summit in order to look out over the world beyond. Men, too, seemed scarce, whether owing to a county fair being in progress at a little distance, or to their being so dwarfed by the mighty hills as to escape my notice, I could not determine, but I remember recalling the jostling crowds of the metropolis, and wondering at the contrast.

Always a little aside from the great highways of traffic, this village was never, I should imagine, a place of much enterprise, but had been the former home of an educated race of men, such as were more plenty during the last generation, in these out-of-

the-way places. More than one family migrated hither from the then fashionable precincts of Wall street in New York, to settle on lands purchased after the War of 1812. But all these—lawyers, judges, doctors, etc.—have passed away, save here and there, where a solitary survivor remains, watching by a lonely fireside. We visited the church, erected upon the site of one of these ancient homesteads, given for that purpose by its few scattered survivors; and strolled around the pleasant square, with its flower-beds gay with autumnal beauty, and surrounded by residences whose aspect reminded me, in some undefined way, of New England.

At one house where we called, we stepped with feelings of reverence upon an ingrain carpet purchased over sixty years since, and gazed with the same upon dimity curtains manufactured long ago by the youthful hands of a loved relation. The carpet seemed in perfect preservation, but the dimity, with its graceful festoons and knotted fringe, bore traces of its age, though not perceptible without a close inspection. We were shown the small piano, purchased in New York about fifty years ago, at 729 Bowery, with its convenient drawers for sheet music; also, sundry old samplers of a bygone day, and some quaint miniatures, with garments of actual silk and muslin, glued to the figures; and lastly, the paring of Hector and Andromache, elaborately and beautifully wrought in silks, whose colors were still vivid after the lapse of half a century. Everything here was redolent of the past, and associated with the youthful days of dear departed ones.

On the following day we were taken for a drive, by roads that skirted the wonderful hills, and were fringed by almost the same roadside flowers as those we had left three hundred miles

away. The daisy and aster, golden-rod and seedy clematis, only in addition the grim but necessary teasel. Here, as everywhere through the State, the orchards were bending beneath an unusual load of ripening fruit, while an occasional field of pumpkins, and a red leaf hue here and there on the maples, gave coloring to the landscape. Frost had threatened in the night, and a chilly northwest wind had somewhat annoyed us at starting, but we were soon beyond its influence, and in a region where the few houses all bore the touching aspect of having seen better days and sheltered larger families, but now seemed neglected and only partly occupied. "Gone to the city," "Gone West," or "Died out," are the universal answers to our queries; but the substantial residences remain behind, with a look of patient wistfulness and pathetic longing in their upper windows, looking out over the hills, as if in mute expectation of the wanderer's return.

But if old things are passed away from the valley, new ones have entered, and here and there were traces of modern science and modern civilization. We caught glimpses at some of the farms of steam reapers and threshing machines, and finally came upon a spot where a stream had cleft the rampart of the hills, and Man had flung across the chasm his iron highway, supported by row upon row of cobweb threads of iron. As we gazed upwards with strained necks and parted lips, a long train of cars, seeming like mites against the sky, crept silently and securely across, and we turned away with the feeling that we had been assisting at a horrible and almost impious spectacle.

We approached the village on our return by a different road, leading past an outlying cemetery on a hilltop,

which I scaled, to snatch one brief glance and a spray of the wild everlasting. Lower down was another cemetery, larger and more crowded, where reposes many an ancestor of mine, and which I regretted not having time to visit, but I had promised to dine with a dear old lady, and it was close upon the dinner hour when I found myself deposited at her threshold.

It would not do to mention her age, but it is something wonderful, as is also her bodily activity and vivacity of spirits, and I spent a pleasant afternoon amid surroundings which, beside an air of comfort, bore the pleasant flavor of antiquity. The inside Venetian blinds were in daily use and good preservation, and the slender-legged furniture would have delighted the heart of a collector. The dainty little piano, imported from Cornhill, London, was a perfect beauty. Its tone was but little impaired, and it was difficult to credit the story of its age for the inlaid clusters of roses and convolvulus on a ground of delicate wood color, which adorned the inside panelling, were as fresh as if only completed yesterday. There was a shelf below to accommodate music, and when I compared this delicate little article of furniture with our huge, ugly, modern monsters, I almost regretted not having been born fifty years ago. We inspected the china-closet, with its rare treasures, and dined from the old blue Canton ware; but the pickle-dish, which was a white vine leaf with green edges, belonged to another set, purchased in 1802, and probably English. We admired the old portraits, with their kindly faces, and what we supposed were old engravings, but they proved to be crayon copies, executed by hands long since silent in the grave.

As we contemplated this picture of cheerful old age, surrounded by me-

mentoes of the past, but dwelling among kindred who were constantly in and out, and vying with each other in trying to solace those feelings of desolation which will at times overwhelm the last survivor of a household, we thought of the comfort it was that it should be so, and of the words of the Psalmist, "God setteth the solitary in families."

The evening was passed in pleasant converse among a large circle of connections, of all ages, from the octogenarian to the child. Among other subjects, a recent wedding and a funeral were discussed, and I gathered from various overheard fragments of talk that this hamlet, like the rest of the world, had its share of the sick and the afflicted, its joys and anxieties, as well as its kind hearts and helping hands. Summer boarders and visitors from the city have brought outside notions and tidings of the great world into this secluded spot, and fresh ideas are disseminated by the volumes of a book-club; while here, as at home, every one seemed to be working for some benevolent object, and fingers were busy with needles and wool for the benefit of missions, homes, and hospitals throughout the land. Some of the work which I saw was destined eventually for the Pacific slope, and some for the Atlantic coast; so that not the least pleasant impression associated in my mind with the place is that of universal charity. At daybreak the next morning the train whirled us away from that happy valley, but we went the richer by a thousand precious memories, and shall never cease to enjoy the retrospect.

The man who idles his time away around a grocery while his wife works hard to support him, can always tell you just what this country needs to enhance its prosperity.

[For the Church Monthly Magazine.]

NOTES FROM NATURE.

Oct. 9th.—No equinoctial storm has yet disturbed our tranquillity, and the season seems to hesitate, as if in uncertainty; for though some of the maple branches whose leaves are always first to fall, are slowly shedding their gold and scarlet burdens upon the lawn, and the Virginia creeper is entirely crimson, yet the majority of trees and meadows seem still very green. The golden-rod ripened unusually early, so that in place of the customary blaze of yellow along the roadsides, we have but grey and rusty clumps, brightened only by the purple tints of more than one variety of aster. According to Miss Cooper, "botanists count some 130 American asters, and ninety varieties of golden-rod, one-third of which belong to the Middle States." We have discovered at least nine of the latter upon our own premises. The yellow sunflower by the brook is still abundant and conspicuous, and so are the rudbeckias or black-eyed Susans, whose vivid hues quite extinguish those of the dandelions, which smile serenely from many a grassy clump. In the garden, roses, mignonette, and heliotrope still hold their little court, and the chrysanthemums are far from ready to light the last smile on the face of decaying Nature.

We sat for half an hour on the southwest point this afternoon, enjoying the sights and sounds of Autumn. The tide was at its height, and the unruffled water was like the surface of a mirror, undisturbed save by the occasional leap of a porpoise, and the flight of a long line of ducks, disturbed by sportsmen. White sails were plenty in the distance, while nearer, a noisy little tug, with its attendant train of unwieldy barges, went steadily on its prosaic way, regardless of

sentiment. The grass upon the head-land was poor and thin, and almost supplanted by the dwarf white aster and the ubiquitous wild carrot, over which hovered troops of butterflies, of four different varieties, which often came within reach of my hand. They have been very scarce this season; even the large thistle butterfly, generally so plenty, has been quite a stranger. Where the bank descends abruptly to the shore, is a dense fringe of weeds and bushes. The scarlet berries of the wild rose and asparagus gleam above the golden-rod and yarrow, while over all wave the long brown streamers of the tall beach grass. The wooded slopes and hills of Long Island stand out distinct and clear beyond the glassy sea, and suggest the first lines of the hymn

"Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green";

and looking out through the still sunshine upon the cloudless sky and glittering wave, it is easy to feel that heaven is all before us, and the world behind.

But the shadows begin to lengthen, and "little breezes dusk and shiver" the calm surface of the water, and send a shower of dry leaves floating to the ground; so we turn our steps landward toward the slowly sinking sun, light the evening blaze upon the hearth, and open the evening paper, whence we glean the following interesting bit of information concerning cat-tails:

"It may not be generally known that trade in cat-tails is of some importance and magnitude. Whoever discovered and made known the fact that the proper place for the swamp-nurtured cat-tail was the parlor and drawing-room, has not left his name behind; but certain it is that in the year 1879, and more particularly in the year 1880, cat-tails began to be included in the housefurnishing of ornamental things. At the present time the demand is large and increasing,

and a useless weed has become an article of commerce. The cat-tails are used with pampas grass, oats, and native grasses to make up the contents of vases which ornament mantels and room corners. This has become the rage, as it is called, and many a room is undergoing the process of cat-tail and grass adornment. The time was when the beauties of natural grasses were concealed under a coating of alum or some other glistening substance. From this tinsel we are gradually turning to a more correct taste, even in such small matters as cat-tails. One firm in Providence has laid in a stock of about three thousand catkins."

Just imagine it! One is tempted to exclaim in the words of Tennyson:

"O to what uses shall we put

The wild weed flower that simply blows!"
and to query whether all weeds and wild flowers will not soon become so scarce that one can only obtain them as an "article of commerce."

KELAR.

This is how old Susan puts it. The work was more bothersome than usual, and the holes in the stocking bigger, and the children had stolen her little gourd to set up for a steeple on their block-house, and altogether she was forgetting *whom she was working for*. A thought strikes her and she breaks out with: 'Bress you, honey, de Lord put dis yere work here in old Susan's han's jes as much as He put young Massa Tom in de polepit wid de Bible words in his mouf for to speak. But ole Susan am a dretful forgetful kind of a critter, and pretty often she don't mind who she is doin' de work for. Den it's dretful hard, specially dat ar Phoebe's stockin's; de holes look like to swaller me. Den I t'inks jes in time 'bout de Lord's work, an' right away de holes begin to gedder demselves up like, and look kinder 'shamed for makin' such a fuss, and pretty soon there aint no hole dar, but jes a werry han'some darn in de werry best style, 'cause yer can't poke off none ob yer second rate work on de Lord. No sah, honey, dat ar aint de 'fect ob workin' for de Lord."

MODERN THEISM.

Modern Theism, like the old Deism, is a setting up of what used to be called natural religion in the place of revealed. It teaches that all man wants of religious knowledge, all indeed that is really true, may be known by human reason, and ought through reason to be elicited as their essence from the forms in which it has been presented, distorted, and caricatured by the superstitions which have sprung from man's imagination excited by his fears. . . .

The question is whether this theism is likely to prevail as the philosophy or religion of the coming age. In order to answer this question, it is necessary to consider how far the system will stand the test of a sound logic. Of course, we cannot here run through the lengthened series of those evidences by which revealed religion has been confirmed in opposition to the deism of the last century. Not a Charge, but a library, would be required to develop these arguments. Let me very briefly recapitulate a few, which I think it will be hard for our antagonist to dispose of.

First, an *a priori* argument. If there is a God, which the theist allows, is it not naturally to be expected that He will make Himself felt? If He be a God of love and of truth, can we suppose that, being all-powerful, He will allow His creatures to drift far away from truth and holiness, and to establish among themselves a state of internecine hatred and warfare where there might be love and peace, and allow such a state of things to spread over the whole earth without putting forth one effort to make Himself known? The experience of the natural history of religions shows that the unaided human reason and the best natural feelings of the human soul cannot of themselves master and secure and uphold pure conceptions of the Godhead and of man's relations to Him. Is it, then, unreasonable to suppose that, in order to prevent such ideas from perishing from the whole earth, the all-powerful God may naturally be expected from time to time to manifest Himself in some unusual way, that He may make Himself better felt and known, at least to some portion of the human race which may

ultimately be the means of spreading truth and light to all?

Granted that there is a God, a revelation, then, in some form, we cannot say what, may be expected. Secondly, how do you account for the undoubted fact that certain persons whose historical existence cannot with any show of reason be denied, such as Moses or Isaiah, have believed that they had some instruction direct from God other than could be attained by the exercise of their natural faculties, and that in consequence they have been able to teach with a power unknown before, and that their belief in this supernatural guidance has, as a matter of fact, greatly influenced the whole history of the civilization of the world? It will not do to answer that Mahomed, and perhaps the Buddhist sage, have claimed some similar enlightenment. The question now under this particular head of our argument is, not how many people have been thus enlightened from God. The claims of each competitor will have to be tested afterward by the strict scrutiny of what they did and said, and of the enduring and life-giving effects of their teaching. All that is contended for here, is that instead of the probability being against God's speaking through a direct manifestation of Himself to His creatures, the probability is on the other side. It may be granted that this probability does not amount to a very strong argument, but at all events it predisposes us to look with care to the recorded manifestations of the Deity, and cuts away the ground from under those who would maintain that such manifestations are altogether out of the question.

Thirdly, we are landed in the distinct historical evidence for the truth of Christianity. That Jesus Christ lived, was born in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, and put to death under Tiberius, is as undoubted a fact of history as that Cicero spoke any of his orations, or that Augustus or Tiberius reigned. So also it is an undoubted fact of literary history that within some thirty years of Christ's death certain letters were written by one Paul, a Jew of Tarsus, setting forth what, in consequence of Christ's life

and death, His followers believed respecting Him and His connection with the Eternal Father, and with the spiritual destinies of the human race, and of the precepts which He had left for the regulation of His disciples' lives. I say nothing now of the detailed narratives of the Evangelists. Can any one read what we know from the barest survey of the origin of the Christian Church and the history of its first thirty years, culminating in St. Paul's Epistles, without allowing that Jesus Christ claimed to be the Son of God, and in that capacity claimed to make known His father's will as it had never been known before? We must drive our antagonists to the common vulgar dilemma, "Do you hold him to have been an impostor or wild enthusiast?"

Impostor is out of the question; for any one whose mind is not darkened by insuperable prejudice, must allow that we have, stamped upon the history of His times at least, the traces and chief lineaments of what He spake, and how He passed His life; and I put it to any candid mind whether it is possible that such an one could be a mere impostor. And if you say "Not of course a vulgar impostor, but an enthusiast, dreaming dreams about Himself and God, and not hesitating to force those dreams upon mankind by any assistance of the common arts for spreading opinion which were familiar to His day," then let me ask you what you mean by an enthusiast. Is it one who feels God within him, as the derivation of the word implies? The question is no longer whether Jesus Christ believed Himself to have a mission from the Father, but whether He was justified in this belief.

I cannot tell you how the Father speaks to the human soul and consciousness, how He makes His presence known, but certainly Christ believed and taught that His union with the Father, whatever it might be, did open to Him ready access to the Eternal Throne. Dreams do you call them? They are certainly marvellous dreams, embodying themselves in marvellous discourses, teaching a spiritual religion scarcely guessed at, except here and there by ancient sages when they thought themselves wrapped in beatific vision. Can you prove that this enthusiast, as you call Him, was wrong when He felt and taught

that God was in Him? And if you cannot prove that He was wrong, and you allow that God may not unnaturally be expected so to manifest Himself, read, I beseech you, carefully and reverently, as becomes the subject, all that we can learn of what the Lord taught, and said, and did. I care not at present whether you take the record of His work from the four acknowledged Evangelists or from some of those supposed earlier fragments which an ingenious criticism has deluged of late to set up as the rivals of the Evangelists; they all tell the same tale, and it is the tale which St. Paul received and recorded.

Do not tell me here of differences which an exaggerated hypercriticism has tried to set forth as existing between the Christianity of St. Peter and St. Paul. The main substance of the Lord's teaching, resting on His Divine claim, is certainly common to both Apostles. Study, then, the record of this teaching, and tell me whether man ever spake like this Man; whether these calm reasonings as to moral duty, and that deep spiritual insight into the nature of the human soul and the source from which it derives its life, which breathes through the records, can be the product of the dreams springing from a heated and disordered imagination. If they were dreams and imaginations, God sent them, and proceeding from His presence, they are the expression of eternal truths. How have they spoken to thousands of souls during the ages, and sustained them in life's worst trials and in the hour of death? If they do not come from God, whence do they come? In truth, we know them to be His words as clearly as if we had heard them spoken from the peak of Sinai. This, in short, set forth in a few lines, is the conception we would force upon our philosophers of what is meant by revelation—God unveiling Himself in a marvellous way for the instruction and guidance of His creature, man. A marvellous way—that is, a way not to be accounted for by the common rules according to which ordinarily the natural reason and the natural conscience work.

Natural religion, then, has revelation as its supplement. The old Deism was an untenable system, stopping short with natural religion, and the

so-called new Theism is no better unless it makes some strange alliance, which seems to be destructive of its very first principles, with a Christianity based on some distinct revelation from God. I do not think it an unimportant matter that a man should reject Atheism and systems akin to Atheism in favor of a distinct belief in God. It was a great privilege which the old Jews enjoyed, even those of them who were least able to appreciate the spiritual promises of a coming Messiah, that they believed in one Almighty God, whom they recognized as their Heavenly Father, and to Whom they were able to turn as their support and guide in the emergencies of life. It would be something to be a Mahomedan, with his firm belief in Allah, were it not for the debasing influence of those apparently inseparable surroundings which prevent the non-Atheism of Islam from rising to spiritual perception of God and any true spiritual training of the human soul, and which seem to have an inevitable tendency to destroy social life and thwart the progress of any high civilization. It is a privilege which the Parsee enjoys, that through the outward emblem of light he reveres the great First Cause, and in India, for example, keeps himself free from the gross idolatries that surround him. But all these systems, while they acknowledge one great God and Universal Father, and while the gulf, therefore, which separates them from blank atheism is deep and impassable, still, examined in their entirety, must be pronounced to be very wanting in the highest elements of a Theism which brings the soul near to God, and represents God as ever near to the soul. Judaism may do this far more than the others in its degree; but surely impartial students of the Old and New Testaments must allow nowadays that Judaism points to something beyond itself, and that something is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Besides, Judaism would not be what it is, soaring above human systems, if it did not point to the revelations it has received.

I argue, then, that a man who really believes in God must go further than what was called of old natural religion. A good Theist, if he is true to his convictions, and does, in very

truth, realize them, ought to keep near to the God he acknowledges by placing himself in the attitude of prayer. He ought to read reverently and ponder over instructions which profess to come directly from the source of knowledge. He ought to love the true, the pure, and the holy, professing to look up to One who is absolute truth, purity, and holiness. If he does all this, he is not far from the kingdom of God, and is, I think, bound by the rules of sound logic, and in accordance with the dictates of his highest reason, and listening to the voices of his best nature, to go forward and become a Christian.

I think, my Christian friends, that you will do well, in the conciliatory spirit of love, to set some such considerations as these before any of your brothers who may be disposed to rest their hopes for time and eternity on a Deism or a Theism which takes no account of revelation. My distinct conviction is that such a system cannot stand. It must not be supposed that I am advising the clergy or the laity who hear me to plunge into the study of the evidence for a Divine revelation. But still, I do wish to note that an acquaintance with the nature of this evidence and some of its principal features is very necessary in these days, when sophistical arguments adverse to all revelation are perpetually forced on our attention. It is well that from time to time, with a view to be ready to defend ourselves and those whom we can influence, as well as to give us confidence against arrogant and unscrupulous attacks, we should, as it were, take stock of the contents of our well-stored armory.

And this also I would have you note, that the reverent and wisely-directed study of such evidence has an elevating and purifying effect. It has two departments—one philosophical, the other historical. I think the man who approaches such subjects in a right spirit will find that the philosophical part of the evidence leads him to dwell with humility and adoring awe on what he knows of God's nature and of his own. And this reverent contemplation of the nature of God and of man must elevate and purify the mind; while the second part of the evidence—the strictly his-

torical—gives us more vivid conceptions of the reality of the recorded facts by which revelation is avouched, introduces us into greater familiarity with the persons and characters whose teaching we study, and above all, enables us more thoroughly to appreciate that divine historical picture of God manifest in the flesh—Christ living and dying for His people—around which all sound evidence for revelation revolves. I am not one of those who distrust the study of the evidences for revelation, as if they suggested more doubts than they solve. Entered on with suitable preparation and reverently conducted, such study tends, I doubt not, to raise the whole character by bringing the intelligence as well as the devotional feelings, through the guidance of the Holy Spirit, more directly into communication with the true God, manifested in Jesus Christ.—*Archbishop of Canterbury's Charge.*

[From The Leisure Hour.]

CHINESE SUPERSTITIONS.

I propose in the present paper to follow an imaginary Chinaman from the cradle to the grave, and note a few of the superstitions by which he is bound.

First, let us note one which pervades his whole life, and influences not here and there one and another, but every individual in China—namely—the observance of days. Every family possesses an almanac in which lucky and unlucky days are clearly notified, and out of the 365 days of the year, 180 are pronounced unlucky. Considering the number of children who come into the world on these days, it is no wonder that so many of the Chinese are unlucky, and it must be a cause of grief to them that they cannot choose their birthday for themselves. Yet, on asking my teacher and others whether the fact of a child being born on an unlucky day weighed much on the minds of the parents, or of the individual on coming to years of discretion, I was told that there are unlucky hours as well as days, and that the hour has more to do in determining the destiny of a man than the day. Moreover, it is sagely conceded that a man of real good fortune will triumph over all ob-

stacles, and rise above the influences of bad days and bad hours. In the busy life of us Western people, it would be no small cause of annoyance to be hampered perpetually by this system of good and bad days. Imagine every schoolboy or girl waiting for a lucky day to begin studying. Imagine a long-planned excursion falling on a day when the rain descends in torrents; it cannot be deferred because *that* is a lucky day, and the next two or three in the calendar are the reverse. Think of 180 days in the year on which you must neither travel, learn, nor marry! Endeavoring to trace the origin of this superstition, we come to the *stars*. If good stars preponderate, the day is lucky; if bad stars are in the ascendant, the day is unlucky. There seems to be some affinity here to Western ideas.

We will now suppose ourselves in a home where a new little life has been added to the household. The first question asked in Eastern and Western lands is, I suppose, the same—"Boy or girl?" But the answer is received with widely different feelings. In China, if it is a *boy*, it is all joy, all gladness, all congratulation. A *girl*—oh! the different tone. From her birth she is looked upon as an outsider, one who belongs to another family, since marriage is a certainty to every Chinese girl. *She* will not keep up the family line, and foremost thought, she will not feed the spirits of her deceased father and mother.

Here is the first glimpse of a superstition which is holding captive its millions in China. Three times a year at least the spirits of parents and ancestors must be propitiated and honored by a feast. The table is spread, candles are lighted, crackers fired, and gongs beaten, and when the spirits have taken their fill the family feed themselves. To us it seems the merest child's play, reminding one continually of dolls' feasts, at which each delicacy in succession is lifted to the wax lips of dainty lifeless guests, and disappears down the living throat of the baby entertainer. And yet this empty ceremony has a hold upon the countless myriads of the Chinese Empire which baffles all arguments, resists all persuasion, and constitutes one of the strongest obstacles in the way of the Gospel. Hence the China-

man's intense desire for male children. In the country a congratulatory epithet for a son is *Kang-voen-eü*—i. e., Lord of the Spirit Feasts; one who will regulate the funeral rites of his parents, and thrice a year summon the disembodied spirits to a feast of savory smells. Those who have worked among the Chinese, know the hold which this superstition has upon them. Again and again have we heard them say that it is an easy matter to leave off the worship of idols, but it is impossible to give up the feasts for the dead. Both men and women assure us that but for this the number of converts to Christianity might at once be greatly multiplied.

To avoid, then, the gloomy sight of an unwelcome baby, let us suppose ourselves in a house where a son has been born. The father and mother are happy, and the neighbors congratulatory. We are surprised at the marked absence of elder women in the house, all the neighbors who enter the house are young women, and on inquiry we find that all who enter are supposed to contract defilement. The King of Tartarus would make them wander many a weary year in the dark, as in a labyrinth, without a clue or a guide.

The first interesting fact communicated to me respecting infant life is that the first drop of milk given to the baby must be brought from another home, the mother of a *girl* supplying the nourishment for a *boy*, the mother of a *boy* that for a *girl*. For this custom, there seems little reason to be given.

On the third day takes place the first idolatrous ceremony. A feast is made to the "Zong-kong zong-bo," a phrase difficult to translate, because conveying what is even to a Chinaman a very indefinite idea, but which seems to mean a pair of gods, or rather a god and goddess, who reside in the bed and look after children, teaching them to talk and laugh in their sleep. Two large and ten small bowls of rice and some bean curd are offered, candles lit, incense and gold paper burned. The idea connected with this feast is that a multitude of spirits have congregated, waiting for a chance of inhabiting a human frame, and as only one can enter the child, this feast is to conciliate the unsuccessful can-

didates, and induce them to disperse quickly in quest of another abode. Happy thought this for the mother! The soul of the child to whom she has given birth is no new gift fresh from the Creator's hands, but a spirit which may have inhabited any animal or any number of animals in succession, and which has, through fidelity or some other brute virtue, obtained the honor of occupying a human body. The large bowls of rice are presented (after the gods) to female neighbors who have not been blessed with children, it being believed that partaking of them will insure this happy result. The small bowls are divided among the neighboring children with a view to securing friendly feeling and harmony between the little stranger and his neighbors.

The next event of importance in the life of a Chinaman is the shaving the head for the first time, at the expiration of a month. Though unable to choose a lucky day for the birth, the almanac comes in here, and a lucky day as near as possible to that day month is selected. A long silken thread is placed round the baby's neck during the operation, expressive of long life. It is at this time that the silver circlet so often seen round boys' necks is put on. It is supposed to act as a charm, and is never taken off until the age of sixteen.

Among the poor the circlet is replaced by one of silk, the money for which is begged from friends, and on the supposition that a hundred families contribute to its purchase, is called the "hundred family thread." It is chiefly used by parents who have lost several children, and who earnestly desire to preserve the life of this child. A feast is offered also to the god of tranquillity.

The next great day in the young life is the first birthday. The festivities of course vary in different places. At Hangchow the feast is kept in a very lively manner. Miniature tools belonging to the four orders of literates, husbandmen, artisans, and traders, are placed on the table before the baby, and whichever he first takes up is supposed to indicate the line he will pursue in after life. If he seizes a pen he is a born writer; if he grasps a plough he will probably follow one. This feast is of course accompanied

by a feast for the spirits of the ancestors, and if the child should not be well, a small measure of rice is placed on his head, and various prayers said over it; the rice, being a *good* thing, is supposed to disperse the bad influences at work on the child. At the critical ages of three, six, and nine years, the priests are called to chant prayers, and they make a cock pass seven times through a tub without a bottom, then the child will pass safely through all the dangers of infancy. My teacher assures me that five out of every ten families yield to this superstitious practice, and that the priests pocket each time from four to five hundred cash. If this be so, we can understand that the rearing of cocks is remunerative in China. Should sickness come, the idols are often consulted, lots cast for prescriptions, vows offered, and not unfrequently persons will profess themselves criminals in the sight of the gods, and vow to wear the scarlet clothes of a convict, and have their hands manacled three times for three years.

We come now to the period of marriage, which occurs early in China, and here come restrictions which astonish the stranger. Two persons no nearer related to each other than any other descendants of Shem, Ham, or Japhet, if they bear the same surname, must not marry. The years, months, days, and hours of their respective births must be compared, and should they be unfavorable to union, the marriage must not take place. There is no limit as to the difference in age, but it is considered very fortunate to have one year apart, two years is not bad, three is only indifferently good, but *six* years' difference is sure to result in misfortunes. Every one in China has the sign of some animal, or rather of one out of twelve animals, determined by the year of birth. These are a mouse, a cow, tiger, rabbit, serpent, horse, sheep, monkey, dragon, fowl, dog, and pig. The horse and mouse, the cow and sheep, the tiger and monkey, the dragon and dog, the serpent and pig, the rabbit and fowl, may on no account intermarry; on the other hand, the union of the mouse and cow, the horse and sheep, the tiger and rabbit, monkey and fowl, dragon and ser-

pent, the dog and pig, are all permissible. The name and sign of the young lady desired are written upon a slip of paper, and placed before the kitchen god in the proposed husband's family. If no quarrel takes place in household, and no breakage of crockery or other valuables occurs during the next three days, the union is regarded as fortunate, and negotiations may proceed, unless indeed the family, to secure additional security, consult also a blind fortune-teller. Supposing, however, that all is favorable, the day chosen, the presents given and received, and the auspicious morning arrived, priests begin at about 2 A. M. in the bridegroom's house to recite prayers entreating the presence of all the gods. In the lady's home, on the previous day, a feast has been held and offered, first to the gods, or spirits, who generally content themselves with the odor of the viands. The bridal chair is at the bridegroom's house overnight, and a pair of small candles are lighted in it; when carried through the streets it is considered unlucky for any one to stand in front and look in. The bride is not allowed to touch the ground in going to the chair; a brother carries her from her room to the chair itself, or else the way is strewn with rice bags for her to step on. Why? Lest she should carry away on the sole of her shoe the luck of her mother's house! In the bridal chamber two large candles are lighted, which are on no account to be *put* out, they must burn out, and it is considered a good omen if they go out together. Husband and wife will then live many years together, and one will not long survive the other. If, on the contrary, one candle is soon extinguished, it is looked upon as a sure sign that one is doomed to early death, and the other to a long widowhood.

During life the men in China pay as a rule but small attention to religion of any kind. The *litterati* worship Confucius once in their lives, and once a year the deity who presides over essays; the head of each family worships heaven and earth at the close of the year; those employed in trade worship the god of wealth once a year; husbandmen worship one great king of the fields; fishermen a goddess

who when a mortal woman threw herself into the sea to save her father, was drowned with him, and therefore deified; doctors worship once a year an Esculapius of their own; carpenters worship once a year a master workman to whom they do not even give the title of god.

To this routine there are exceptions. Thus I met one man who said he daily worshipped three deities. He worshipped heaven for his being, the kitchen god for his food, and the god of wealth for prosperity in his business. Woman, being the weaker vessel, is of course more superstitious. The kitchen god is attended to by her; the feasts for the spirits are spread by her; vegetarians are chiefly, though not exclusively, women; the god of thunder has comparatively few male votaries, but at least eight out of every ten women worship him. But in the presence of death the distinction drops; husband and wife, son and daughter, alike worship the departed spirit. And it is in the matter of the graves that the superstition known as "fong-shū" (wind and water influences) comes into full-play. We are, I believe, quite as much alive as the Chinese to the benefits of a south wind and running water; we are glad to have houses built high and dry, facing the south, and shutting the bleak north wind out. But here again the Chinese ideas are quite different. It is with regard to the homes of the dead rather than the living that this superstition of the "wind and water" has to do. Let a grave be made for the head of a family in a desirable locality, that is on a hillside facing south, and with a pure stream flowing round it, and his living descendants shall reap the benefit though they should reside in a hovel on a marshy plain facing the north. The south is the region from which all good influences come; the south governs life, the north is the source of all evil, the ruler of death. Hence the beneficent influences of the south must on no account be shut out, no obstacle must interfere with them, and on the north a barrier should be erected to keep in these favorable influences. It is needless to dwell upon the ramifications of this superstition, but it accounts for many inconveniences. It is a fruitful parent of those provokingly

low bridges which bring your boat to a standstill after a day or two of heavy rain on many of the canals around Ningpo. One such low bridge has made a prisoner of me more than once, and on inquiring whether, if I paid all expenses, I might have it raised, I was told "Certainly not, not for £2,000; the luck of the place would be gone." Travellers have wondered at the islands in some of the canals.

"A small green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce wider than my dungeon floor;
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the southern breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing."

How did it come there, a hindrance to navigation? It is made on purpose to secure the luck of some grave near by; or to shut in the luck of some village which would otherwise depart. The one redeeming point with regard to this superstition is the preservation of what few fine trees are allowed to grow in China. I have been assured by natives competent to say, that were it not for this there would be no large trees at all.

Then, lastly, as to funerals. All who are engaged in missionary work have seen with regret the amount of money spent on them. The poor will pay so much for the burial of their parents that they are in debt for years afterward. No matter how the living may suffer with cold, the senseless corpse must be well wrapped up in many garments. The living children may have to beg, but the dead parents must be supplied with paper money to pay their way in the land of ghosts, and secure a little respect from the jailers in the other world. Twice a year at least a feast must be spread for them, and a little money given for the year's expenses.

And now how shall we help the Chinese to throw off the shackles with which ignorance and superstition have bound them? Education may achieve something, and the gradual association with Western ideas; but for them, as for all men, there is but one answer: "The Truth shall make you free"—the Truth as unveiled in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. M. L.

A just man should account nothing more precious than his word, nothing more venerable than his faith, and nothing more sacred than his promise.

[From All the Year Round.

RUSSIAN VILLAGE SCHOOLS.

In a hollow behind a hill lies the silent Russian village, buried beneath mountains of snow for four or five months in the year. It consists of one wide street, with twenty, thirty, or forty wooden huts built at irregular intervals to right and left. They are too miserable-looking, one would think, even for cattle to take shelter in, and their tiny windows are covered with fretted frost, or weep frosty tears that soon turn into an icy fringe. Sometimes not a trace of the street is to be seen; the snow has reached the roofs. It may well be asked, is there a school here, and is daily school-going possible? The affirmative answer is startling and unexpected. Winter is the only season of the year during which the peasant's child can go to school. The teacher is hired only for the Winter months, and in Spring, Summer, and Autumn, the schools are closed.

Russian village schools may be classed under two heads: the Zemstvo Free School and the Samorodney or People's School. The former were first opened some thirteen years ago under government auspices, and their expenses are defrayed by rates collected from gentlemen, land-owners, and rural communes; although receiving no grant from government, they are under government supervision, and are visited at stated intervals by government inspectors. The course of study laid down for them by the Minister of Public Instruction is reading, writing, the first two rules of arithmetic, and short religious stories, extracted from the early history of the Greek Church. None of the most elementary ideas of geography, or of national or natural history, are included. The teacher is badly paid, badly housed, and Russian distances and the Russian climate cut him off from the civilized world. These Zemstvo schools are still very few and far between. There is only one for every hundred *versts* or so—that is to say, one for many thousands of children of both sexes. A Russian recruit, with a certificate testifying to his having passed the three class examinations of the Zemstvo Free School, has the privilege of serving four years in the

Russian army, instead of the compulsory six years; but, notwithstanding this privilege, they are often badly attended. In the government of Iver, for instance, one hundred and nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety roubles were spent last year on Zemstvo schools, and yet according to government statistics, more than ten thousand children belonging to the local population never frequented them.

The Samorodney or people's schools are kept by the peasants themselves, are free from government control, and their existence dates back to a very lengthened period. They are open in Winter, close in early Spring, and the teachers engaged are sacristans, choristers, retired soldiers, peasant lads (pupils of the Zemstvo Free Schools), and *proseernayas*, or women attached to Russian churches to bake the sacramental bread. The number of pupils in each Samorodney school varies from ten to thirty, and the teachers' terms vary also according to circumstances. A *proseernaya* who keeps school in her own hut receives sixty kopecks for teaching a child the thirty-six letters of the Russian alphabet, sixty more when he can read one or two prayers, seventy or eighty kopecks when he can read the Psalms. For teaching him to write she charges one rouble, and with that his education ends; arithmetic is here an unknown luxury. The whole course of study, lasting two, or at the most three Winters, costs twelve roubles for each child, a little more than a guinea (a sum which includes any outlay there may have been for books, pens, ink, paper), as well as sundry presents of milk, eggs, and *vatrooshkies*, or Russian home-made cakes, to the *proseernaya* schoolmistress. But it often happens that the teacher chosen is a newcomer, and owns no house in the village. In that case a small empty *izba* is hired, for three or four roubles a Winter, and each scholar is to supply fuel, and heat the earthen stove in turn. Two roughly-made tables are placed in the house. The children are divided into two classes, the readers and the writers, the former

again being divided into alphabeters and psalmsters. They come to school at seven in the morning, leave at eight in the evening, and during the course of the day, are only allowed an hour and a half for dinner and rest. The established punishment is beating with birch-rods: fifteen strokes for ordinary misdemeanors, and twenty-five or thirty for extraordinary ones. Towards Spring, as may be expected, many of the young faces are pale and wrinkled, reminding one of little men grown old before their time. In some places the peasants are too poor to hire even the above-mentioned izba school, and teaching is carried on in each izba by turns till they come to the end of the village. Day after day the teacher and his ink bottle, with one or two books under his arm, passes from hut to hut, followed by a crowd of white-faced, flaxen-haired children. He eats what they eat, i. e., black bread, potatoes, and dried mushrooms. The school-books are well taken care of, and pass from generation to generation. The peasant who has not money enough to buy a sufficient quantity of black bread and salt to feed his family, has little money to spend on his children's school-books. His eldest son learns to write with one and the same nib for two whole Winters; it then passes on to the next son, and is mended many times before being finally thrown away, quite incapable of writing any longer. The ink-store consists of a tiny bottle of ink poured into a wine-bottle, and then filled up with water.

In warm, well-built izbas the scholars sit in their bright-colored cotton shirts. In cold izbas, where the wind whistles through crannies, and where the earthen floor is damp and uneven, they sit in a variety of costumes. One has on his father's sheepskin coat; another that of his mother, sister, or elder brother; a third is dressed in a long, dark-blue cloth kaftan, and most of them are in simply indescribable rags. Long felt boots or cold baste shoes cover their stockingless feet. The hut is dark and low-ceilinged. The picture of a Russian saint hangs in the corner opposite the door. Iron nails dot the walls, with all manner of household garments hanging on them. In the centre of the room stands a cupboard, or an immense wooden box,

but far oftener a cradle hanging from the roof with an eternally-crying baby. Narrow wooden benches are round the room, and a stove made of Fuller's earth and sand is built in one corner. On it and on the benches the different members of the family sleep at night. Add to this the trunk of a tree hollowed out into a washing-trough, one or two wooden or earthen bowls, pails, horse-collars, reins, axes, and wooden spades, and you have the rest of the furniture. In a Russian peasant's hut there is but one room, and, lessons or no lessons, the household work must be carried on as usual. The harassed and irritable peasant-mother washes, and gets dinner, and feeds the cattle, and caresses and beats her noisy little ones in turn, in presence of school and school-master; lambs, pigs, dogs, and fowls are also there.

The peasants prefer these Samorodney schools to the better appointed Zemstvo free schools; firstly, because they are close at hand, only a few doors away; and secondly, because their children can here learn to read and write (in a very sorry fashion, it is true) in the short space of six or nine months, and can then be kept at home and begin to work for ten or fifteen kopecks a day. Winter is the only season during which they can spare their children. In Spring, Summer, and Autumn they must supply the place of elder brothers taken for soldiers, and do men's work in the house and in the field. And yet, as may be seen, both parents and children equally prize the magic art of reading and writing! It brings the letter from the far-away soldier-son, and often does it enable the elders to avoid the double and illegal payment of taxes, passport money, and various police documents. On Sundays and saints'-days they gather round the schoolmaster and listen attentively to the newspaper, borrowed from land-owner, priest, or Zemstvo school-teacher. It is true, this reading is not always satisfactory. The Samorodney teacher reads at the rate of a steam-engine, without paying the least attention to stops or accents. The peasants stare at him in silence, stroke their beards—and how are they to understand, since he does not understand a word of what he is reading himself? He can write—slowly, to be sure—can count up to a thousand, and

knows addition and subtraction. Multiplication and division are beyond him, and did not enter into the programme of the Zemstvo school where he received his education. He receives from ten to twenty roubles a Winter from the united village, lives by turn in every izba, and has but little love for his vocation. He will be taken for the army in another year or two, and in the meanwhile prefers teaching to field-work. The peasants hire him because they have no means to engage a better, and because, being a peasant himself, he is willing to put up with their food, and sleep on their stoves at night.

The retired soldier is a teacher of the worst description. He is rough and brutal; whips, beats, and pinches most unmercifully. He is drunk every saint's-day, and for more than half the week is absent from his duty. When he does return to school he easily re-establishes his dignity by telling the children of the grand parade, when he saw "The White Czar," or of some foreign land he marched through, a land that was bright and sunny, with marble palaces, orange-groves, and glittering seas. The simple-minded children listen with bated breath, and running home under the impression of his tale, gleams of awe and wonder light up their tired blue eyes. Truly the scene around is very different to the land described by the soldier-school-master: a winding-sheet of deepest snow on field and meadow; ice-bound rivers, ponds, and lakes; forests of beech and lime in their weird, white shrouds; and the tolling of some far-away church-bell alone to break the cold and solemn silence.

WANHOPE.

What is hope? A smiling rainbow
Children follow through the wet;
'Tis not here, still yonder, yonder;
Never urchin found it yet.

What is life? A thawing iceberg
On a sea with sunny shore.
Gay, we sail; it melts beneath us;
We are sunk and seen no more.

What is man? A foolish baby,
Vainly strives, and fights, and frets;
Demanding all, deserving nothing;
One small grave is all he gets.

—Thomas Carlyle.

[From Sunday at Home.]

THE SHEPHERD AND THE LAMBS. A PARABLE.

1.
Unto the margin of the flowing river
The Eastern Shepherd leads his timid sheep;
He calls them on, but they stand still and shiver,
To them the stream seems wide, and swift, and deep.

2.
He calls them on, but they in fear are standing;
He calls them on, but on they dare not go:
They heed not now the voice of his commanding,
They only heed the river's fearful flow.

3.
There from the side of one protecting mother
A lamb the Shepherd takes unto his breast;
And there he gently bends and takes another,
And in his arms the two lambs lie at rest.

4.
They lie at rest, and as he close enfolds them,
He bears them safely o'er the river wide;
The little lambs know well the arm that holds them,
They nestle warmly and are satisfied.

5.
Then the fond mothers with maternal longing,
Look on beyond that river's fearful flow;
They can but follow, and behind them thronging,
Their fleecy comrades are in haste to go.

6.
Drawn by a love stronger than any shrinking,
Their lambs they follow o'er the flowing tide;
They heed not now the swimming or the sinking,
They brave the stream and reach the further side.

7.
And while their tender Shepherd kindly feeds them,
They think no longer upon what hath been;
He gives them back their lambs, and then he leads them
By the still waters through the pastures green.

8.
So shall it be with you, O weeping mother,
Whose lamb the Lord has taken from your sight;
'Tis He hath done it, He, and not another;
Your lamb lies in His arms clasped close and tight.

9.
Across the stream your little one is taken,
That you may fear no more the quick, dark flow;
But that with steadfast heart and faith unshaken,
You may be ready after it to go.

10.
This is the tender Shepherd's loving pleasure,
To bless at once the little lamb and you;
He knows that when with Him is your best treasure,
There fixed forever will your heart be too.

J. A. NOBLE.

We all of us complain of the want of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are passed either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.—*Seneca.*

AN OUTCOME OF A CHURCH CONGRESS.

Elsewhere will be found an account of a remarkable proceeding at the Church Congress in Leicester, England. It is nothing less than a body of Non-conformist ministers coming forward to do honor to the Established Church in the person of the Bishops and other clergy assembled in Church congress.

This is unexampled in the history of our mother Church in England, and cannot fail to have an influence far beyond what at first sight would be supposed. It is the legitimate outcome of the system of Church Congresses. As our readers are aware, these are not legislative, nor are they representative bodies. They are for the purpose of giving expression to the various schools of thought within the Church. People who are in earnest, long to speak out their sentiments, and give the reasons for them. Formerly the pamphlet or the religious newspaper was the sole vehicle through which these were made known to the world. But of late the system of Church Congresses has been devised. A number of persons are invited to read papers on some subject assigned them. Within the bounds tolerated by the Church they are untrammelled. But there is no debate, no reply, and no vote is taken. On the same day the extreme ritualist and the extreme anti-ritualist, the Calvinist and the anti-Calvinist, the advocate for the divine right of Bishops and for a latitudinarianism coming almost to the platform of the Plymouth Brethren—all these may utter their sentiments unchallenged, and their productions are printed and given to the world. The authors have relieved their minds. They are satisfied, and they go home to their work. The members of the Church read them, and learn charity. Brotherly love is not broken.

Besides the mother Church of England and the daughter in America, we venture to say that there is not another body in Christendom where this could take place. On such questions as these the sects are rent, and quarrel. They are not large enough to hold conflicting opinions. There is no denomination in either country which ventures upon a Church Congress.

And now mark the result. The Nonconforming bodies in England look on in amazement. The first lesson they learn is that the Church is tolerant. And the next lesson is that there is hardly a doctrine held among the Evangelical dissenters which could not be held by them as individual members of the Established Church. The conclusion is irresistible—it is deplorable that there should be separation. Beyond this, how far forward soever they may look, they are not yet prepared to act. They can as yet only send a deputation expressive of their respect and of their brotherly feelings. Another thing they learn—that while as yet there are barriers which prevent a closer communion between the *organizations*, among those barriers uncharitableness is not one. Individuals may be uncharitable and denunciatory. Individuals may regard Dissenters as ecclesiastical outcasts. But the Church never excommunicated them. The doors out of which they went of their own accord are left open, ready to receive them when they choose to return.

Neither they who made the addresses, nor the Bishop of Peterborough in reply, avowed the doctrine of indifference. There were differences of more or less importance between them. There were principles at stake which neither side proposed for itself, or asked the other to surrender. How

the problem of Church union is to be solved, of course it is beyond the power of man to divine. But that would not be a union after a godly sort where either side surrendered a principle. It is not to be expected, for example, that we are to abandon Episcopal ordination, or recognize non-Episcopal Orders. Nor is there any need of this. Dissenters admit the validity of Episcopal ordination. On this all are agreed. Then why should we give up this point? It would be demanding of us a surrender of principle to recognize their Orders. No surrender of principle is called for in their acknowledging Episcopal ordination.

Another cause doubtless tended greatly to bring about the friendly expressions from those at variance—social intercourse arising from the mingling of the members of the Congress as guests with the people of Leicester, without regard to sect. Nonconformists as well as others opened their doors for the entertainment of the members, and in friendly intercourse at the table and in the drawing-room they forgot their divisions. The asperities of religion must give way under such mollifying influence.

On this point the *London Times* speaks some well considered words, which though referring especially to England, are not without their application in this country:

It is admitted that between good Christians many differences which go for much in controversy and in religious politics, go for nothing in their mutual regards. Very good men can stretch forth their arms and embrace from the opposite poles of thought. Very good men, too, it may be added, have often smiled in private at the childish animosities of the lesser men fighting their battles in common earthly fashion. The real obstacle to union is not the distinctive dogma, but the unsociable, incompatible ways that grow up in separation. Everybody,

with the least geniality in his temperament, can do much to smooth the path between himself and those who differ, but he will have to avoid the points of difference, instead of fastening upon them, as the manner of some is. There is a sufficient field for all to move freely in without continual collision. It would be no trifling gain to Nonconformists if they could be taught a little more the interior of Church matters than they now seem to know. It is an old tradition with them that all high ecclesiastical personages live as "lords over the heritage," dwelling in high places, in the continual enjoyment of grandeur and luxury, and in the companionship of the great. Each lower ecclesiastic, standing, as he is supposed to stand, on the steps of promotion, and taught ever to look upward, imitates his superior as far as his means afford. With a little more exercise of mutual confidence and candor, they would find this little more than one of those pious myths of which there are more or less in all religions. They would find there existed no such pride of life in the established clergy as either to repel advances, to excite envy, or to provoke evil imitation. They would find that after all, in a secular and social point of view, the position of a highly-educated Nonconformist minister in any county town, with an average congregation, may be favorably compared with that of half the clergy of the Church of England. But this they could only ascertain upon better acquaintance than is now possible.

TWO SAT DOWN.

Two sat down in the morning time,

One to sing and one to spin.

All the men listened to the song sublime,
But no one listened to the dull wheel's din.

The singer she sat in a pleasant nook,
And sang of a life that was fair and sweet,
While the spinner sat with steadfast look,
Busily plying her hands and feet.

The singer sang on with a rose in her hair,
And all men listened to her sweet tone;
And the spinner spun on with a dull despair
Down in her heart as she sat alone.

But lo! on the morrow no one said
Aught of the singer of what she sang,
Men were saying, "Behold this thread?"
And loud the praise of the spinner rang.

The world has forgotten the singer's name—
Her rose is faded, her songs are old;
But far o'er the ocean the spinner's fame
Yet is blazoned in lines of gold.

—*Ella Wheeler, in the Indianapolis Herald.*

[From the London Times.]

THE CHURCH AND THE NONCONFORMISTS.

At Leicester, on Friday evening, in the Church Congress Hall, there was a crowded audience to witness the presentation of an address from Nonconformist ministers of Leicester to the members of the Church Congress. The Bishop of Peterborough presided, and among those on the platform were the Mayor of Leicester, Earl Nelson, Lord John Manners, M.P., and a large number of clerical dignitaries. A deputation of seven Nonconformist ministers attended to present the address, which was read by the Rev. W. Wood as follows :

"To the Members of the Church Congress, assembled at Leicester, Sept. 28th, 1880.

"DEAR BRETHREN : We, the Nonconformist ministers of Leicester, embrace this, the earliest opportunity the rules of the Congress allow, of giving you a hearty welcome to our town. Your presence among us, and in such imposing numbers, renders it fitting that we should give public expression to our high appreciation of the noble examples of holy living, and the earnest, self-denying labors of so many Christian ministers. While it would be unmanly in us to affect to ignore the points of difference, both ecclesiastical and doctrinal, which separate us and our Churches from the great community to which you belong, yet the present is an occasion of which we gladly avail ourselves for the profession of our sympathy and good will, rather than for bringing our differences into prominence. We desire to acknowledge our obligation to you, as representing the Church of England, for the healthy stimulus we have received from the lives of your many saints, confessors, and worthies. The illustrious names of Herbert and Ken, Leighton and Wilson, are as dear to us as to yourselves. Nor are we less indebted to your scholars, your theologians, your masters of sentences, for a vast and instructive literature, for a thousand contributions to a right study of the Bible, and a clear apprehension of Christian truth. The works of Hooker and Jeremy Taylor, of Pearson and Milman, of Lightfoot and Westcott, are all the delight and possession of the Nonconformist minis-

try as well as of your own. If our forms of worship vary from yours, yet your noble liturgy, enriched by the persistence, the trust, the sorrow, and the gladness of the saints of many ages, is for us, no less than for others, a priceless treasure of devotion. Scarcely ever do we come together to give thanks for the divine goodness, without using those hymns which the singers of your Church have given the world, and side by side with Wesley, Watts, and Doddridge we place the solemn and beautiful melodies of Heber, Lyte, and Keble. Your eloquent preachers, your seraphic doctors, your saintly examples, have laid us under an immense obligation which we can never repay, and which we confess by uniting with them as we hear their voices calling us in the service of our Lord and Master. We trust that your visit to the town has been pleasant to yourselves, and will be full of advantage to the Church of Christ. There is no Nonconformist in our midst who would not deplore as a great calamity any diminution of the religious efficiency of the Church of England. We rather earnestly hope that your labors here will have for their result an increase of spiritual power such as shall be felt throughout the whole of your communion, and throughout the country at large. We offer you our greetings in the spirit of that wise and comprehensive charity which is happily becoming more and more a distinctive note of the Churches of our time, well assured that all who seek to follow as disciples in the footsteps of our Lord Jesus Christ, and who labor with a single heart to bring in His glorious kingdom, are friends and allies, notwithstanding the different means they use, and the different names by which they are called."

The address was signed by thirty-two Nonconformist ministers of Leicester.

The Rev. Mr. Thew, Baptist minister, then spoke some farewell words on behalf of his brethren. He said before they wished them God-speed might they indulge the hope that their visit to Leicester had done good—he

meant in tending to promote a better understanding, and by consequence a better feeling, between Churchmen and Nonconformists. (Cheers.) He might not be wrong in saying that in very many instances they had never seen so much of each other before, and when they had come a little nearer and had met each other at hearth and home, it was astonishing how singularly human they had found each other to be. (Hear, hear!) They had knelt at the same family altar, they had lifted a united voice to the great God, the great Father of all, and they had not been conscious, so far as he was aware, of anything like jar or restraint, and he could not help thinking that one effect of their coming among them would be the mutual discovery, if they had not discovered it before, beneath all differences, of a common faith, a common spirit, and a common purpose.

The Bishop of Peterborough, in reply, said :

"Dear brethren, most thankfully do I accept for myself, and I think that the ringing cheers to which you have just listened have anticipated my assurance on behalf of the great meeting. Readily and gratefully we accept the kindness and courtesy of your words of welcome to Leicester. (Applause.) I say this is a fitting conclusion and completion of the reception we have met with from members of your flocks in Leicester. But to my mind it is more than that, it seems in great measure to show the reason for the reception. You are occupied in teaching from year to year a very large portion of the inhabitants. If in your teaching from your pulpits there had been illiberality, bitterness, and intolerance associated, it is impossible that we could have received from the members of your flocks a welcome so kindly and so hearty as we have received. (Hear, hear.) I come to you to-night a guest from a Nonconformist home, in which I have been received with a hospitality not only liberal, but lavish, and we know that the same hospitality has been extended in many another Nonconformist home. (Applause.) We know that Nonconformists have vied with Churchmen in eager hospitality, and I can assure you that without that we should have found it difficult to house

the members of our Congress in Leicester. This *rapprochement* between Nonconformists and Churchmen, so happily experienced to-night and during the last four days, is no new thing in Leicester. It is an old thing. Nearly seventy years ago, my dear brethren, one of the most eloquent orations ever made was spoken over the grave of an incumbent of this town by a great Christian orator, whose name is indissolubly connected with the religious history of Leicester—Robert Hall. (Applause.) Nearly seventy years have passed since Robert Hall expressed the grief of a Christian brother over the grave of Thomas Robertson of St. Mary's. (Applause.) Gladly, therefore, do we recognize the renewal of good feeling, of charity and mutual forbearance and mutual respect, that then blossomed around the grave, and that are bearing fruit here to-night. (Applause.) Let me say, in the next place, how cordially and entirely I agree, first, with the manly and straightforward utterance of your feelings in your address as regards the differences that separate you from us, and further as regards the additional expression of those feelings in the address just read to us by Mr. Thew. If I have any fault to find with Mr. Thew's address, it is this, that he, unfortunately for me, anticipated not only the ideas, but almost the very words in which I was about to speak of these differences. I agree with him that I am not one of those who talk in what I believe to be a very hollow cant about the sinking of minor differences. (Hear, hear!) If the differences were minor they ought never to have kept us apart. If they are real and great they cannot be got rid of by talking of sinking them in this fashion. I fully feel with you that the true test of Christian charity is not the sacrifice of principle by pretending to sink differences; but if it is the exercise of brotherly love that reaches beyond and across the barrier of forbearance, and while grieving for the separation as we must grieve (hear, hear), owns and recognizes the brother who is still so far separated from him. (Cheers.) It is indeed an easy and a cheap liberality that sneers at differences that are not deeply felt, but it is the reality of Christian love that goes beyond differences that are understood. In

that spirit you greet us, and in that spirit we heartily and fraternally accept your greeting. Let me say, however, that while we recognize and must admit the existence of differences, differences which are differences of principles, and differences perhaps of something to move men more strongly than principles, if possible—old traditions, old habits of thought, old reverences for the past, that is dear to the memory of each one of us, and which we would not and cannot lightly forego—while we recognize this we feel further this also, that while there are these differences, and must be these differences of principle, it is our duty to see that there be between us no other differences; it is our duty to see and to strive that, though we stand apart from one another necessarily somewhat, there rise between us no mist, no fog of passion, or suspicion, or hate, in which the figure of the brother looms largely and darkly before the eyes of him who looks at it through the disfiguring and distorting medium. (Applause.) We desire, then of all things, that our differences should be reduced essentially and entirely to those of principle: and what we feel that you have done in these last four days in Leicester, and you are doing now, is this, that you have removed, and are removing, one of the most fruitful causes of those additional differences—I mean social estrangement. As you truly say, it is hard for men to meet around the same board, to kneel before the same altar, to join in the same prayer, to sing the same hymns, to grasp one another's hands in fraternal greeting, and then to be ignorant of or suspicious of one another's motives and principles. (Cheers.) Thankful we are, then, for the removal of this difficulty; thankful are we also to remember this, that if you are good enough to say to us that you owe us something for the lives, for the words, for the sayings of Churchmen, we have our debt, on our part, to you. I cannot stand on a platform in Leicester and forget the name that I have already mentioned, of Robert Hall. I cannot hear from your lips of Watts and Doddridge and not remember how familiar these names are to us, and how our children have learned to lisp the

words they have taught us. I cannot forget that one of the most masterly and successful defenses of the Christian faith, 'Eclipse of Faith,' a work well known to many of my reverend brethren, is a work we owe to a learned and able Nonconformist. I cannot forget that one of the dear friends whom I occasionally welcome to my own house, the learned and accomplished Dr. Houghton, is one of the distinguished stars of your Nonconformity in the present day. I cannot forget that I have stood on the platform of the Christian Evidence Society on more than one occasion, and gladly welcomed there the logical acumen and the clear and hard-headed reasoning characteristic of more than one Nonconformist minister whom I was glad to hail as a brother as he took his place beside me in the war against the infidel. We owe to you all this, and we owe to you something more—we owe to you a rising from the very separation which, as I have said, cannot be hastily healed over, and must doubtless continue to exist long after we are laid in the place where there is no longer separation; we owe this to you, that you, seeing us somewhat from the outside, you having that which we have not, as we have that which you have not, you are able to point out to us the vices of our system; you are able to criticise us in a way in which we cannot criticise ourselves from within, and I hope we have profited, and shall profit, by criticisms which, of course, your courtesy and brotherly kindness prevents you from offering us this evening. (Laughter and applause.) Then, as regards the matter of criticism, just let me say one word. I am glad to find that our Nonconformist brethren have so largely mingled in our gathering in the last few days. They have discovered by this time that we Church people are a tolerably free-spoken people about one another. I think they will find that there is hardly a fault, hardly an abuse of the Church of England that has not been discussed and brought out with very considerable freedom by Churchmen in our meetings. (Laughter.) May I venture to say that if not in our meetings, in certain auxiliary and supplemental meetings during the last few days there has been, to say the least of it, con-

siderable freedom of discussion, and if I may venture in your presence to say what it will, perhaps, surprise you to hear, that even the Bishops have not escaped a slight touch of criticism. (Laughter and applause.) Let me say one word more; let me say a word of the kindness which I have gratefully seen, and the exceeding tenderness of that kindness. We have in Leicester received a hospitality which was of a thoroughly Anglo-Saxon character. Our Nonconformist friends met their Church friends at a moment when we are suffering under a great irritation from recent political events, and which irritation seems to many of us to be most just and righteous, and which appears to us at least natural, inevitable, and pardonable. It is an event of good omen that our Nonconformist friends have met us with words of kindly greeting. I cannot help believing that this omen will have its fulfillment year by year as time goes on. It seems to me to be an omen that the new rights which have come after a painful struggle will be used in Christian courtesy and kindness. We have spoken, by allusion at least, of Burial Acts and of the grave. There is one grave beside which the feet of each one of us, as he moves along life, are constantly passing—the grave that swallows up so much that is precious and so much that is hopeful, the grave that we seem to tread upon at each step, and that crumbles and yawns beneath our feet—the grave of the past. In this grave let us hope and trust that much of the estrangement, much of the suspicion, much of the hatred, much of the old wrong between Church and Dissent may be buried; and if from that grave of the past, if from this moment which is now passing into the past, we see in the future lines and paths of action which do not converge, which are parallel lines at least in this world, and the point at which they converge looks so far away in the distance of age or eternity that they do not seem to us to be convergent, but still parallel, we can at least rejoice in this, that for a moment or two we have met together as brethren in the name of the common Father, whom we worship, and the Saviour, who has redeemed us

all, and as we pass along our several or parallel or divergent paths, the memory of this night of fraternal greetings and of fraternal interchange of sentiment and life will linger in our hearts, and we Churchmen shall go away from Leicester—I am not going very far, but I speak for the members of the Congress—with one added memory to the pleasant memories that have clustered around our presence here, that this singular and remarkable incident has graced the gathering of the Leicester Church Congress, that our Nonconformist brethren spontaneously, heartily, lovingly, and kindly have come here to-night to give us a fraternal greeting which we cannot forget, which we do not wish to forget, and which we heartily return you in the name of the Lord." (Loud cheers.)

(From the Boston Transcript.)

GOLDEN-ROD.

BY A. B. S.

The stately empress, Autumn,
Has decked her halls to-day
With webs of Eastern beauty,
With many a jewelled spray.

With wonderful, rare pictures
Of mountains crowned with flame,
Of dim, leaf-shadowed vistas,
Of glories without name.

The light falls low, in splendor,
A radiant amber flood;
Her subjects flock to greet her,
Along the royal road.

But what shall be the token,
Once gained the palace gate,
Where sentinels in livery
Of gold and crimson wait?

Adown the sheltered valleys,
Or dim, sun-lighted wood,
High on the pleasant uplands,
Beside the dusty road.

Behold the magic symbol!
A blossom-freighted wand,
That smiles and lures and beckons
To all on every hand.

No longer exiled strangers,
By doubt or sorrow banned,
Our lives are crowned with fulness,
At home in Autumn land.

Then openest the portal,
O magic golden-rod!
And hearts made rich with blessing
Rejoice before their God.

A little wealth will suffice us to live
well, and less to die happily.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DREAM.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

In 1844 our honored and beloved friend, Thomas Hood, was editing a magazine, Unhappily, it was 'Hood's Own,' and of course yielded him nothing—to soothe or lessen the mental and physical sufferings he endured. He was dying. He died in 1845, not absolutely needing necessities indeed, but his means were grievously limited to procure luxuries that are almost necessities to the sick. He had many friends, however, who rallied round his death-bed; and to that death-bed came the letter from Sir Robert Peel that conveyed to him one of the Crown pensions. Ah! these Crown pensions have comforted in their decline many laborers in the fields of literature, those that have been fertile as well as those that were barren of harvest.

We give here this passage from his letter (the last he ever wrote) to Sir Robert Peel, which cannot be too often printed:

"Thank God my mind is composed, and my reason undisturbed; but my race as an author is run: my physical debility finds no tonic virtue in a steel pen, otherwise I would have written one more paper—a forewarning against an evil, or the danger of it, arising from a literary movement in which I have had some share; a one-sided humanity, opposite to that catholic Shakespearian sympathy which felt with king as well as peasant, duly estimating the mortal temptations of both stations. Certain classes at the poles of society are already too far asunder. It should be the duty of our writers to draw them together by kindly attraction, not to aggravate the existing repulsion, and place a wider moral gulf between rich and poor—hate on the one side and fear on the other. But I am too weak for this task—the last I had set myself. It is death, you see, that stops my pen, and not my pension. God bless you, sir, and prosper all your measures for the benefit of my beloved country."

Naturally he was anxious about his magazine. Not one of his fellow-workers could have declined the entreaty to write, were it only to relieve him from anxiety. To me the application

was an honor. For my contribution he forwarded to me a check. I need hardly say it was returned to him, and in its stead he sent me an engraved portrait of himself, "with love from Thomas Hood." It is before me as I now write; I shall value it as long as I live, as one of my chiefest treasures of the long past.

I will offer no apology for reprinting the sketch, or story, I contributed in 1844 to 'Hood's Magazine,' which can be within the reach of few readers in the present day. Perhaps of all I ever wrote, it is that which I would least willingly let die.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DREAM.

James O'Leary was a schoolmaster of great learning, and still greater repute; his school was the most crowded of any school within fifty miles of Kilgubbin, yet he modestly designated it his 'small college,' and his pupils 'his thrifle of boys.' O'Leary never considered the 'Vulgarians'—as he termed those who only learned English, writing, and arithmetic—worth counting. No boy, in his estimation, merited naming or notice until he entered Virgil; he began his school catalogue with 'the Vargills,' but was so decidedly proud of 'the Homarians' that he often regretted that he had no opportunity of 'taking the shine out of them ignorant chaps up at Dublin College' by a display of his 'Gracians'—five or six clear-headed, intelligent boys, whose brogues were on their tongue, whose clothes hung upon them by a mystery; and who yet, poor fellows, were as proud of their Greek and as fond of capping Latin verses as their master himself.

James O'Leary deserved his reputation to a certain extent, as all do who achieve one. In his boyhood he had been himself a poor scholar, and travelled the country for his learning; he had graduated at the best hedge school in the kingdom of Kerry, and at one time had an idea of entering Maynooth; but fortunately or unfortunately, as it might be, he lost his vocation by falling in love and marrying Mary Byrne, to whom, despite a certain quantity of hardness and pedantry, he always made a kind husband, although Mary, docile and in-

telligent in every other respect, never could achieve her A B C ; *that* he was fond of instancing as a proof of the inferiority of the sex. James looked with contempt on the system adopted by National Schools, declaring that Latin was the foundation upon which all intellectual education should be based, and that the man who had no Latin was not worthy of being considered a man at all.

Donnybeg, the parish in which he resided, was a very remote, silent district—an isolated place, belonging chiefly to an apoplectic old gentleman, whose father having granted long leases on remunerative terms, left him a certain income, sufficient for himself, and not distressing to others. The simple farmers had long considered Master O'Leary a miracle, and he confirmed them in that opinion so frequently by saying in various languages what they had not understood if spoken in the vernacular, that when a National School was proposed in the parish by some officious person, they offered to send up their schoolmaster, attended by his Latin and Greek scholars—tail fashion—to 'bother the board.' This threw James into a state of such excitement that he could hardly restrain himself ; and indeed his wife does not hesitate to say that he has never been 'right' since.

The old landlord was as decided an enemy to the National Schools as James himself ; and the matter dropped without O'Leary's having had an opportunity of 'flooring the board.'

James, for many years after his establishment at Donnybeg, was exceedingly kind to the itinerant scholars, of whose merits he was so bright an example. For a long time his 'college' was the refuge of every poor scholar, who received gratuitous instruction from 'the Master,' and the attention and tenderness of a mother from 'the Mistress.' The generosity on the part of James O'Leary increased his reputation, and won him a great many blessings from the poor, while pupils thronged to him from distant parts of the kingdom—not only the itinerant scholar, but the sons of snug farmers who boarded in his neighborhood, and paid largely for the 'classics and all accomplishments.'

James found this very profitable. In due time he slated his house, placing a round stone as a 'pinnacle' on either gable, representing, the one the terrestrial, the other the celestial globe. He paved the little courtyard with the multiplication table in black and white stones, and constructed a summerhouse, to use his own phrase, on 'geomaatrical principles,' the interior of which was decorated with maps and triangles, and every species of 'information.' If pupils came before, they 'rained on him' after his 'Tusculum' was finished, and he had its name painted on a Gothic arch above the gate, which—such was the inveteracy of old habits—always stood open for want of a latch. But somehow, though James's fortunes improved, there was something about his heart that was not right ; he began to consider learning only valuable as a means of wealth ; he became civil to rich dunces, and continually snubbed a first-rate 'Gracian,' who was, it is true, only a poor scholar. This feeling, like all others, at first merely tolerated, gained ground by degrees, until Master O'Leary began to put the question frequently to himself 'Why should he do good, and bother himself so much about those who did no good to him ?'

He had never ventured to say this out aloud to any one, but he had at last whispered it so often to himself that one evening, seeing Mary busily occupied turning round some preparation in a little iron pot, reserved for delicate stirabout, gruel or a 'sup of broth'—which he knew on that particular occasion was intended for the 'Gracian' who had been unwell for some days—after knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and closing and clasping his well-thumbed Homer, he said : 'Mary, can't ye sit still at the wheel now that the day's a'most done, and nature becomes soporific—which signifies an inclination to repose ?'

'In a minute, dear ; it's for poor Aby, he's sick entirely, and has no one to look to him. The place where he lodges has no convayniance for a drop of whey—and if it had, they've nothing to turn it with, and nothing to make it of ; so I'll sit down at onst.'

'Then why don't you sit down at onst ? Why do you sit, wasting your time, to say nothing of the sweet milk

and the—' he was going to say 'the sour,' but was ashamed, and so added, 'other things, for one who does no good to us?'

'No good to us!' repeated Mary, as she poured off the whey, keeping the curd carefully back with a horn spoon. 'No good to us, dear? Why, it's for Aby, the—what is it you called him?—Aby Gradus—no; Aby the Gracian, your top boy that used to be; he that his old grandmother—he had no other kith or kin—walked ten miles just to see him stand at the head of his class, that she might die with an asy heart. It's for him it is—'

'Well,' replied the master, 'I know that, I know it's for him; and I'll tell you what, Mary, we are growing—not to say ould—but advancing to the ragion of middle life—past its meridian indeed, and we can't afford to be throwing away our substance on the like of Aby—'

'James!' exclaimed Mary.

'Ay, indeed, Mary; we must come to a period—a full stop, I mane—and—' he drew a deep breath, then added, 'and—*take no more poor scholars!*'

'O James! don't say the likes o' that,' said the gentle-hearted woman; 'don't; a poor scholar never came into the house that I didn't feel as if he brought fresh air from heaven with him. I never miss the bit I give them, my heart warms to the soft 'homely sound of their bare feet on the floor, and the door a'most opens of itself to let them in.'

'Still we must—take care—of ourselves, woman, dear,' replied James, with a dogged look,

Why such a look should be called 'dogged' I do not know, for dogs are anything but obstinate or given to it. But he put on the sort of look so called, and Mary, not moved from her purpose, covered the mouth of the jug with a huge red apple-potato, and beckoning a neighbor's child, who was hopping over the multiplication table in the little courtyard, desired her to run for her life with the jug while it was hot to the house where Aby stopped that week, and be sure tell him he was to take it after he had said his prayers, and while it was screeching hot. She then drew her wheel opposite her husband, and began spinning.

'I thought, James,' she said, 'that Abel was a strong pet of yours,

though you've cooled to him of late—I'm sure he got you a dale of credit.'

'All I'll ever get by him.'

'O don't say that! sure, the blessing is a fine thing, and all the learning you give out, James, honey, doesn't lighten what you have in your head, which is a grate wonder. If I only take the meal out of the losset, handful by handful, it wastes away, but your brains hould out better than the meal; take ever so much away, and there's the same still.'

'Mary, you're a fool, agra!' answered her husband, but he smiled. The schoolmaster was a man, and all men like flattery, even from their wives.

'And that's one rason, dear, why you can't be a loser by giving your learning to them that wants it,' she continued; 'it does them good, and it does you no harm.'

The schoolmaster made no answer, and Mary continued. She was a true woman, getting her husband into a good humor before she intimated her object.

'I've always thought a red head lucky, dear.'

'The ancients valued the color highly,' he answered.

'Think of that now! and a boy I saw to-day had just such another lucky mole as yourself under his left eye.'

'What boy?' inquired the master.

'A poor fatherless and motherless craythur, with his Vosters and little books slung in a strap at his back, and a purty tidy second shute of clothes under his arm for Sunday. It put me in mind of the way you tould me you set off poor scholaring yerself, darlin'!—all as one as that poor little boy, *barrin' the second shute of clothes.*'

'What did he want?' inquired O'Leary, resuming his bad temper, for Mary made a mistake in her second hit. She judged of his character by her own. Prosperity had rendered her more thoughtful and anxious to dispense the blessings she enjoyed, but it had *hardened* her husband.

'Just six months of your taching to make a man of him, that's all.'

'Has he money to pay for it?'

'I'm sure I never asked him. The thrife collected for a poor scholar is little enough to give him a bit to ate, without paying anything to a *strong*

(rich) man like yerself, James O'Leary; only just the ase and contintment it brings to one's sleep by night, and one's work by day, to be afther doing a kind turn to a fellow-Christian.'

'Mary,' replied the schoolmaster in a slow and decided tone, '*that's all botheration.*'

Mary gave a start; she could hardly believe she heard correctly; but there sat James O'Leary, looking as hard as if he had been turned from a man of flesh into a man of stone. Under the impression that he was bewitched, Mary crossed herself; but still he sat there, looking, as she afterward declared, 'like nothing.'

'Spake again!' she exclaimed, 'man alive! and tell us, is it yerself that's in it?'

James laughed—not joyously or humorously, but a little dry, half-starved laugh, lean and hungry, a nig-gardly laugh—but before he had time to reply the door opened slowly and timidly, and a shock of rusty red hair, surmounting a pale, acute face, entered, considerably in advance of the body to which it belonged.

'That's the boy I tould you of,' said Mary. 'Come in, my bouchal; the master himself's in it, now, and will talk to you, dear.'

The boy advanced his slight, delicate form, bowed both by study and privation, and his keen penetrating eyes looking out from beneath the projecting brows which overshadowed them.

Mary told him to sit down, but he continued standing, his fingers twitching convulsively amid the leaves of a Latin book in which he hoped to be examined.

'What's your name?—and stand up!' said the master, gruffly.

The boy told him his name was Edward Moore.

'What do you know?'

He said 'He knew English and Voster,* a trifle of algebra, and Latin, and the Greek letters. He hoped to be a priest in time—and should be,' he added confidently, 'if his honor would give him the run of the school, an odd lesson now and agin', and let him pick up as much as he could.'

'And what,' inquired O'Leary, 'will you give me in return?'

'I have but little, sir,' replied the

boy, 'for my mother has six of us, paying to one whose face we never see a heavy rest for the shed we starve under. My father's in heaven, my eldest sister a cripple, and but for the kindness of the neighbors and the goodness of one or two families at Christmas and Whitsuntide, and above all, the blessing of God, which never laves us, we might turn out upon the road and beg.'

'But all that is nothing to me,' said O'Leary, very coldly.

'I know that, sir,' answered the boy—yet he looked as if he did not know it; 'though your name's up in the country for kindness as well as learning; but I was coming to it. I have a trifle of about eighteen shillings, besides five which the priest warned me to keep when I went for his blessing, as he said I might want it in case of sickness; and I was thinking, if yer honor would take ten out of the eighteen for a quarter or so—I know I can't pay yer honor as I ought, only just for the love of mercy—and if ye'd please to examine me in the Latin, his reverence said I'd be no disgrace to you.'

'Just let me see what ye've got,' said the schoolmaster. The boy drew from inside his waistcoat the remnant of a cotton nightcap, and held it toward the schoolmaster's extended hand; but Mary stood between her husband and his temptation.

'Put it up, child,' she said, 'the master doesn't want it; he only had a mind to see if it was safe.' Then, aside to her husband, 'Let fall yer hand, James; it's the devil that's under yer elbow keeping it out, nibbling as the fishes do at the hook. Is it the thin shillings of a widow's son you'd be afther taking? It's not yerself that's in it at all.' Then to the boy, 'Put it up, dear, and come in the morning.'

But the silver had shone in the master's eyes through the worn-out knitting—the '*thin shillings*,' as Mary called them—and their chink aroused his avarice the more. So, standing up, he put aside his wife, as men often do good counsel, with a strong arm, and declared that he would have all or none, and that without pay he would receive no pupil. The boy, thirsting for learning, almost without hesitation agreed to give him all he possessed, only saying that 'the Lord

* Voster's Arithmetic.

above would raise him up some friend who would give him a bit, a sup, and a lock of straw to sleep on.' Thus the bargain was struck, the penniless child turned from the door, knowing that at least for that night he would receive shelter from some kind-hearted cotter, and perhaps give in exchange tuition to those who could not afford to go to the 'great master'; while the dispenser of knowledge, chinking the 'thin shillings,' strode toward a well-heaped hoard to add thereto the mite of a fatherless boy. Mary crouched over the fire, rocking herself backwards and forwards in real sorrow, and determined to consult the priest as to the change that had come over her husband, turning him out of himself into something 'not right.'

This was O'Leary's first public attempt to work out his determination, and he was thoroughly ashamed of himself. He did not care to encounter Mary's reproachful looks, so he brought over his blotted desk and sat with his back to her, apparently intent on his books: but despite all he could do, his mind went wandering back to the time he was a poor scholar himself, and no matter whether he looked over problems, or turned the leaves of Homer, there was the pale, gentle face of the poor scholar whom he had 'fleece'd' to the uttermost.

'Mary,' he said, anxious to be reconciled to himself, 'there never was one of them poor scholars that had not twice as much as they pertended.'

'Was that the way with yerself, avick?' she answered. James pushed back the desk, flung the ruler at the cat, bounced the door after him, and went to bed. He did not fall very soon asleep, nor, when he did, did he sleep very soundly, but tossed and tumbled about in a most undignified manner—so much so that his poor wife left off rocking, and taking out her beads, began praying for him as hard and fast as she could. She prayed to the Almighty and Allmerciful, though in a way that better taught people might not approve—that is to say, with her beads in her hand.

She believed her prayers took effect, for he soon became tranquil and slept soundly; but Mary went on praying. She was accounted what was called the steadiest *hand* at prayers in the country, but on this particular

night she prayed on without stopping until the grey cock, who always crowed at four, told her what the time was, and she thought she might as well sleep for a couple of hours, for Mary could not only pray when she liked, but sleep when she pleased, which is frequently the case with the innocent-hearted. As soon, however, as she hung the beads on the same nail that supported the holy water, cross, and cup, James gave a groan and a start and called her.

'Give me your hand,' he said, 'that I may know it's yours that's in it.'

Mary did so, and affectionately bade God bless him.

'Mary, my own ould darling,' he whispered, 'I'm a great sinner, and all my learning isn't—isn't worth a brass farthing.' Mary was really astonished to hear him say this. 'It's quite in airnest I am, dear, and here's the key of my little box, and go and bring out that poor scholar's nightcap, and take care of his money, and as soon as day breaks intirely go find out where he's stopping, and tell him I'll never touch cross nor coin belonging to him nor one of his class, and give him back his coins of silver and his coins of brass; and Mary agra, if you've the power, turn every boy in the parish into a poor scholar, that I may have the satisfaction of teaching them; for I've had a *DRAME*, Mary, and I'll tell it to you, who knows better than myself how to be grateful for such a warning. There, praise the holy saints, is a streak of daylight. Now listen, Mary, and don't interrupt me.

'I suppose it's dead I was first, but anyhow I thought I was floating about in a dark space, and every minute I wanted to fly up, but something kept me down—I *could not rise*. As I grew used to the darkness, you see, I saw a great many things floating about like myself—mighty curious shapes. One of them, with wings like a bat, came close up to me. And after all, what was it but a Homer, and I thought maybe it would help me up, but when I made a grab at it, it turned into smoke. Then came a great white-faced owl, with red bothered eyes, and out of one of them glared a Voster, and out of the other a Gough; and globes and inkhorns changed, Mary, in the sight of my two looking

eyes, into vivacious tadpoles, swimming here and there, and making game of me as they passed. O I thought the time was a thousand years, and everything about me talking bad Latin and Greek that would bother a saint, and I without power to answer or get away. I'm thinking it was the schoolmaster's purgatory I was in.'

'Maybe so,' replied Mary, 'particularly as they wouldn't let you correct the bad Latin, dear.'

'But it changed, Mary, and I found myself, afther a thousand or two years, in the midst of a mist—there was a mistiness all around me, and in my head—but it was a clear, soft, downy-like vapor, and I had my full liberty in it, so I kept on, going up—up, for ever so many years—and by degrees it cleared away, drawing itself into a *bohreen* at either side, leading toward a great high hill of light, and I made straight for the hill, and having got over it, I looked up, and of all the brightnesses I ever saw was the brightness above me the brightest. And the more I looked at it the brighter it grew, and yet there was no dazzle in my eyes; and something whispered me that that was heaven, and with that I fell down on my knees and asked how I was to get there; for mind ye, Mary, there was a gulf between me and the hill, or, to spake more to your understanding, a gap; the hill of light above me was in no ways joined to the hill on which I stood. So I cried how was I to get there. Well, before you could say twice ten, there stood before me seven poor scholars—those seven, dear, that I taught, and that have taken the vestments since. I knew them all, and I knew them well. Many a hard day's work I had gone through with them, just for that holy, blessed pay, the love of God—there they stood, and Abel at their head.'

'O yah mulla! think of that, now, my poor Aby; didn't I know the good, pure drop was in him!' interrupted Mary.

"The only way for you to get to that happy place, masther dear," they said, "is for you to make a ladder of us."

'Is it a ladder of the—'

'Whist, will ye, interrupted the master. "We are the stairs," said they,

"that will lead you to that happy mansion; all your learning, of which you were so proud—all your examinations, all your disquisitions and knowledge, your algebra and mathematics, your Greek, ay, or even your Hebrew, if you had that same—all are not worth a *traneen*. All the mighty fine doings, the greatness of man, or of man's learning, are not the value of a single blessing here; but we, masther, jewel, we are *your charities*; seven of us poor boys, through your manes, learned their duty—seven of us!—and upon us, by the grace of God, you can walk up to the shining light, and be happy forever."

'I was not a bit bothered at the idea of making a *step-ladder* of the seven holy cratures, who though they had been poor scholars, were far before myself where we were now, but as they bent, I stepped, first on Abel, then on Paddy Blake, then on Billy Murphy; but anyhow, when I got to the end of the seven, I found there were five or six more wanting. I tried to make a spring, and only for Abel I'd have gone—I don't know where—he held me fast. "O the Lord be merciful! is this the way with me afther all," I said. "Boys—darlings! can ye get me no more than half way afther all?"

"Sure there must be more of us to help you," makes answer Paddy Blake. "Sure ye lived many years in the world after we left you," says Abel, "and *unless you hardened your heart*, it isn't possible but you must have had a dale more of us to help you. Sure you were never contint, having tasted the ever-increasing sweetness of seven good deeds, to stop short and lave your task unfinished? O then, if you did, masther," said the poor fellow, "if you did, it's myself that's sorry for you."

'Well, Mary, agra, I thought my heart would burst open when I remembered what came over me last night, and much more—arithmetical calculations—when I had full and plinty, of what the little you gave and I taught came to, and every niggard thought was like a sticking-up dagger in my heart, and I looked at a glory I could never reach, because of my cramped heart; and just then I woke. I'm sure I must have had the prayers

of some holy creature about me to cause such a warning.'

Mary made no reply, but sank on her knees by the bedside weeping—tears of joy they were. She felt that her prayers had been heard and answered. 'And now, Mary, let us up and be stirring, for life is but short for the doing of our duties. We'll have the poor scholar to breakfast; and, darling, you'll look out for more of them. And oh! but my heart's as light as the down of a thistle, and all through my BLESSED DRAME.'

MIDNIGHT, JUNE 30, 1879.

[Charles Tennyson Turner, in whose memory this poem was written, was the brother of Alfred Tennyson, and was himself a poet. He was born July 4, 1808. He graduated at Cambridge in 1832, and became Vicar of Grasby. By the will of a relative, who bequeathed him a small estate, his surname of "Tennyson" was exchanged for that of "Turner." He died April 25, 1879. His brother, the poet-laureate, says of his sonnets that some of them have all the tenderness of the finest Greek epigram, and that a few of them are among the noblest in our language.]

I.

Midnight—in no Midsummer tune
The breakers lash the shores:
The cuckoo of a joyless June
Is calling out-of-doors:

And thou hast vanished from thine own
To that which looks like rest,
True brother, only to be known
By those who love thee best.

II.

Midnight!—and a joyless June gone by
And from the deluged park
The cuckoo of a worse July
Is calling through the dark:

But thou art silent under ground,
And o'er thee streams the rain,
True poet, surely to be found
When Truth is found again.

III.

And now to these unsummer'd skies
The Summer bird is still,
Far off a phantom cuckoo cries
From out a phantom hill;

And through this midnight breaks the sun
Of sixty years away,
The light of days when life begun,
The days that seem to-day,

When all my griefs were shared with thee,
And all my hopes were thine—
As all thou wert was one with me,
May all thou art be mine!

—ALFRED TENNYSON, in *Harper's Magazine*
for November.

The greatest punishment of an injury is the conviction of having done it, and no man suffers more than he that is turned over to the pain of repentance.

[From The Independent.]

OCTOBER.

BY IRA E. SHERMAN.

How broad, how deep, how calm, how sweet
These dear October days;
The sky bends low, the hills to greet,
And through the dreamy haze,
If heaven or earth I cannot see,
Nor solve the pleasing mystery,

'Tis wonderful! October's sun
Makes paradise of noon;
And Night, with all her stars, as one
Pays homage to her moon.
The sun by day, the moon by night
Stir every sense of sweet delight.

Through all the long, fierce Summer days
Swift messengers have run
To do, through Nature's secret ways,
The bidding of the sun;
That dear October well may share
With all that live her dainty fare.

Into her lap the ripe nuts fall,
With every breeze that stirs;
All trees and shrubs, or great or small,
Bend low as worshippers,
With the rich fruitage that they bring—
A whole year's bounteous offering.

She bids the squirrel go with haste
And gather, where he will;
And thriftless idlers bids them taste
Till all have had their fill.
She feeds the birds, that know no care,
With seeds dropped idly everywhere.

She bends the orchard boughs low down
For children as they pass;
And fruits that topmost branches crown,
She drops among the grass,
Where age, bent low by weight of years,
May find unharmed the juicy spheres.

She sends the countryman to town,
That city folks may know
October's come, their feasts to crown
With all good things that grow;
And all the crowded streets she fills
With odors of the sweet-breathed hills.

She dips the maples in a dye
Of rainbow pigments made,
And hangs them on the hills to dry
Before the colors fade;
And day by day the marvel grows,
Till all the landscape burns and glows.

The Frost-King, with his chilling breath,
She watches close with care,
Lest some dread sense or sign of death
Should make the good despair.
She bids the hopeless look and see
Death changed to pleasing mystery.

O dear October! well may I
Lay pen or pencil down;
All sense you more than satisfy,
And with such radiance crown
The distant hills, thy prophecy
Of hills unseen by human eye.

Sometimes, in dreams, I think I see
What longing eyes have sought in vain;
Something of what that land must be,
That feels no sorrow, want, nor pain.
These hills, beneath October skies,
Have caught the light of Paradise.

THE OLD CATHOLICS.

[A Paper read by Prebendary Meyrick before the Leicester Church Congress]

The Vatican Council served as the drop of liquid which the chemist adds to a composite substance, in order to separate it into its different elements. Catholicism and Romanism together made up the Roman Catholic Communion, and the Vatican Decrees precipitated Old Catholicism. Ten years have passed, and what are the results?

In Germany there is a Church consisting of one Bishop, fifty-three priests, and 50,000 lay members.

In Austria four priests and 10,000 lay members.

In Switzerland one Bishop, sixty-one priests, and 50,000 lay members.

In France two priests and 1,000 lay members.

Total, two Bishops, 120 priests, and 106,000 lay members, together with an *entourage* of an additional 300,000 or so of adherents who have not yet formally declared themselves members.

These men may be called reformers in the truest sense of the word, inasmuch as their purpose is to bring back the institution to which they belong to its original principles; and in carrying out this object they have either rejected those peculiarities which distinguish Romish from Primitive doctrines, or they are proceeding in that direction with as great a rapidity as any wise man among ourselves would desire.

The attitude of the Church of England towards these efforts has been hitherto more or less undefined. The great part played by Döllinger on a lofty stage drew towards him the eyes of all, and the hearts of many, English Churchmen. But the Church of England, as a whole, is a cumbersome body to put in motion. Under her present Constitution, with which I am not finding fault, a considerable time must elapse before a thought which has touched her brain can find expression in her speech. In this her enforced silence, some of her leading prelates, and some of her presbyters and laymen united in voluntary association, spoke for her. So early as June, 1871, a year after the promulgation of the Vatican Decrees, and a few months after the issue of Dr. Döllinger's "declaration," the Committee of the

Anglo-Continental Society passed a resolution:

"That the efforts made by eminent theologians and preachers of Germany and France, ardently sympathized in by many of the clergy and laity of Italy, to resist the introduction of corrupting novelties into the deposit of the Church's faith, merit a warm and affectionate recognition on the part of the rulers of the Anglican Church, at a crisis which may be as eventful as the Reformation of the sixteenth century."

In the following year the Bishops of Winchester, Lincoln, and Maryland, the first two acting with the encouragement of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the third representing the American Church in its relation to foreign Christians, were present at the Old Catholic Congress at Cologne, where a committee on reunion was appointed; in the same year the University of Oxford bestowed upon Dr. Döllinger an honorary degree, and after the Bonn conferences had been held, two addresses of thanks were presented to him, signed by upwards of 8,000 English clergy and lay communicants. The sympathy of the Church of England was more formally declared in the Convocation of Canterbury by the Bishops of Winchester and Lincoln and the late Prolocutor of the Lower House, and by a committee of the Lower House, which considered clause by clause the propositions agreed to at Bonn, and declared them orthodox.

A similar attitude of informal but very real sympathy has been taken up by the Anglican Church in respect to the Swiss Christian Catholic Church, and this sympathy has been notably exhibited by the presence of the Bishop of Meath at the latest Synod of the Swiss Church, held in Geneva during the present year, and by the payment of a sum of money for a theological studentship at Berne, contributed by the chief prelates and other leading members of the Church in Ireland.

This informal action of the Church of England towards the German and Swiss reformers led to more formal relations with the smaller body of French reformers, represented by Père Hyacinthe. In the year 1878

was held the Lambeth Conference, attended by one hundred Anglican Bishops, and to a committee of this Conference was submitted the question of what should be "the position which the Anglican Church should assume towards the Old Catholics and towards other persons on the Continent of Europe, who have renounced their allegiance to the Church of Rome, and who are desirous of forming some connection with the Anglican Church, either English or American." This committee reported (and its report was adopted by the Conference), that "all sympathy is due from the Anglican Church to the Churches and individuals protesting against the errors (of the See of Rome), and laboring, it may be, under special difficulties from the assaults of unbelief as well as the pretensions of Rome. . . . We gladly welcome," said the Conference, "every effort for reform upon the model of the primitive Church. We do not demand a rigid uniformity; we deprecate needless divisions; but to those who are drawn to us in the endeavor to free themselves from the yoke of error and superstition we are ready to offer all help and such privileges as may be acceptable to them, and are consistent with the maintenance of our own principles as enunciated in our formularies."

To carry the above declaration into effect a committee was appointed by the Conference, "for the consideration of any definite cases in which advice and assistance may from time to time be sought," the committee to consist of the two English Archbishops, the two Irish Archbishops, the Bishop of London, the Primus of the Scottish Church, the presiding Bishop of the American Church, the Bishop of Long Island, and the Bishop of Gibraltar, "to advise upon such cases as circumstances may require." The first person to take advantage of this spontaneous invitation was M. Hyacinthe Loyson, who, being in England at the time for the purpose of attending the Farnham Conference, made application for the offered "help," in a letter addressed August 4th, 1878, "to the Most Rev. the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, President of the Commission constituted by the Bishops of the Anglican Communion, to consider the

relations of the Anglican Church with the Old Catholics and others who have separated from the Roman Communion." The committee, "as the best mode of providing the aid which he requests," "referred Père Hyacinthe Loyson to the guidance and direction of" one of their own members, "the Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church," and the Primus accepted the responsibility thus imposed upon him, publishing to the Church a grave and thoughtful letter addressed to Père Hyacinthe Loyson, in which he promised to supply him with "the provisional Episcopal superintendence which he desired," and associated the Bishop of Edinburgh with himself in the future conduct of the work.

For the last two years, therefore, M. Hyacinthe Loyson has been under the provisional oversight of the Anglican Episcopate, exercised by the Bishops of Moray and Edinburgh as the organs of a committee taking its authority from the Lambeth Conference. This oversight has been exercised by a general superintendence, and by a Confirmation, held in M. Loyson's church by Bishop Herzog, acting in the place of the Bishop of Moray, on which occasion presbyters of the English and American Churches joined in the celebration of the Holy Communion with M. Loyson and his congregation—an act of intercommunion which was shortly afterwards followed up with a joint partaking of the Lord's Supper by the Bishop of Edinburgh, Bishop Reinikens, Bishop Herzog, and M. Loyson. The action of the Church of England in this matter, impugned by some, was vindicated by others, as in accordance with the principles and practices of the primitive Church, and Archbishop Tait bore emphatic testimony, in a speech delivered in Lambeth Library in June last, to the movement as hitherto conducted being "a carrying into effect of the resolution of the great assembly of one hundred Bishops, held at Lambeth."

That the attitude taken up by the Church of England towards the Old Catholic reformers, not only in Germany and Switzerland, but also in France, is justifiable, or rather that she would have failed in her duty as a part of the Church Catholic had she

not done at least as much as she has done, in holding out the hand to those who call upon her for assistance, appears to the writer of this paper unquestionable; nor can I doubt that any one who studies the arguments and statements of Bingham and Isaac Casaubon on the subject, will come to the conclusion that, according to the principles of the primitive Church, Bishops are bound to give such aid as they are able to an oppressed minority wherever the faith is endangered by the heresy or corrupt doctrines of those who in any country or district form the greater number. The point I regard as settled, both by precedent and argument; but there is a further question which I desire to bring before the Church for ventilation now, and for decision by the competent tribunals hereafter, which may affect the attitude of the Church of England towards those reforming efforts that are being made on somewhat different lines in Spain, Portugal, and Mexico. It is this: whether the various national Churches, which make up the Roman Communion, such as the Church of France, the Church of Spain, and the Church of Portugal, have forfeited their claim to be the national independent Churches of those countries by the acceptance of a dogma which substitutes for their authority and traditions the authority and tradition of one man external to themselves. The case contemplated by Gregory the Great has arisen. To clench his arguments against a universal Bishop of the Church, he says that in that case, should the universal Bishop fall, the whole Church would fall with him. In the Roman Communion not only is there one universal Bishop who has fallen into divers heresies, but every Bishop in that Communion has bound himself by oath to regard the formal utterances of that man to be true on all points of faith or morals. Is there, then, any longer in the various National Churches that liberty of maintaining the faith as handed down in their own localities, which qualified them to be witnesses for the truth? The voice of free men testifying in different parts of the world to that which they had received is valuable; but of what value is the voice of slaves, bound to swear to their master's word? Can the slaves

of a man, regarded by themselves as infallible, be the free ministers of God? With their loss of freedom have not the Bishops of those National Churches lost their claim to jurisdiction? If so, are not purer branches of the Catholic Church bound to establish congregations under Episcopal control, whenever occasion arises, without regard to the forfeited claims of the present territorial Bishops, or, if not bound to establish them, are they not at least justified in establishing them if they find cause for doing so?

It is enough to have laid these questions before the Church for its consideration. I will only add, as a humble member of the same, that it appears to me that a fatal change has passed over the state of the Episcopate in the Roman Communion as a result of the acceptance of the Vatican Decrees—that while Bishops in Roman Catholic countries are still capable of handing down the Episcopal succession, of ordaining and confirming, they have lost the most essential and peculiar characteristics and rights of Bishops of the Church of Christ, that they are no longer guardians of the Catholic faith, but disseminators of the decrees of one of their own number; no longer the Vicars of Christ, but the delegates of a Pope; no longer the organs of the mystical body through which breathes the informing Spirit of God, but the instruments through which the voice of a man may be heard, and his arm felt, throughout that part of the Christian world that has been subjected to his control. The claim of exclusive territorial jurisdiction exercised by those who have sunk from being Bishops of the Church of God, in the ancient sense of the word, to being the representatives and prefects of an Italian Bishop, may be put aside as untenable.

The Synod of the English Presbyterian Church will be asked next year to sanction the optional use of a Liturgy, together with Forms for dispensing Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and for conducting marriages and burials. Dr. Donald Fraser, the present moderator, is in favor of it, and also for a relaxation of the strictness of the Sabbath. The adoption of a Liturgy would be beneficial, but secularizing the Lord's day would not.

ANECDOTES OF ENGLISH RURAL LIFE.

BY AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN.

There are villages in the Dales and elsewhere in the north of England whose inhabitants are remarkable for the untutored character of their minds and the simplicity of their lives. Mostly excluded from the busy walks of life, seldom seeing any but their own neighbors, and reading little besides the Bible and a few elementary religious books, they are as different from their like in towns and cities as can be. For the most part they are a quiet, orderly, and industrious class of people, enjoying every essential of life with many of its comforts. And not being exposed to temptations such as are common to those who live in more populous places, few are given to intemperance, or to the frivolities and pleasures which characterize the latter.

My object in writing this paper is to illustrate certain phases of life peculiar to these northern rural districts. No one can long mingle with his country brethren without seeing that, while they are generally given to the love of money, they are remarkable for hospitality and neighborly kindness. It is not uncommon to find many tillers of the soil so fond of hard cash as to feel it a hardship to part with sixpence for almost any kind of benevolent enterprise; yet they begrudge not a hearty meal to any who may call; and I have seen the tables of such groan beneath the good things of this life, to the best and most of which you were made heartily welcome. And at any hour of the day or of the night, they or theirs were ever ready to give a helping hand in any work either of need or mercy that might present itself.

Though not deficient in good sense, yet their ignorance of the ways of the world, especially of the tricks which are often played on the unwary, exposes them to the artful ways of the designing. A woman in one of the many obscure villages in the northern Dales had the misfortune to lose her husband by death; but she was consoled by being told by her minister that he had gone to be better off in Paradise, where in time she would rejoin him. Now it is well known that in the coal-mining districts of Dur-

ham and Northumberland fine names are at times given to some newly formed settlements. One such was designated "Paradise." Well, it happened that a hawker of some kind, living in that village, found his way in his peregrinations to this poor woman's house, where he offered his wares for sale. While conversing with this man, the widow got to know that he came from Paradise, which was his home. 'Why,' said she, starting to her feet, and looking earnestly at her visitor, 'that's where ma good man hes gone ta live; happen ye know him?'

Now, whether the hawker saw a chance of enriching himself at the poor body's expense, or that he was leading her on, at first for the fun of the thing, I know not; but true it is that he told her that he saw her husband when he entered the village; 'and,' said he, in reply to her eager inquiries, 'he was well and all but happy when I left; but if I could take him a little of something, he would be perfectly content with his lot.'

The consequence of this was that the hawker left the poor woman's cottage considerably richer in money and in apparel than when he entered it; she actually believing that what she gave the man would find its way to her husband, and heighten his happiness. This may not be credited by many, but the incident really occurred not over thirty years since. I believe, however, that the hawker was made to disgorge most of his spoil, the police having heard of the case.

I was well acquainted with a woman, the wife of a farmer, who resided in an obscure hamlet among the hills. She had lived till beyond mature life before she married, and had saved during her life of domestic servitude nearly two hundred pounds. Most of this sum she had out at interest when she married. One day a female gypsy entered her house in her husband's absence, and telling her that a fortune had been left her years ago by a relative, and that the money was then in the national funds, only awaiting certain acts which she (the gypsy) could easily perform in order that it might become hers, an arrange-

ment was entered into at once for the getting of the fortune, one requirement, however, being absolute secrecy. Acting on the vixen's instructions, the woman called in one hundred pounds of her investments, and had the money in 'golden sovereigns' when the gypsy called again.

'Now,' said the hag, 'this money must be put into a blue stocking; it must be tied up, and hung on a nail in the kitchen here, and there it must remain for fourteen days, when I will call again, and the fortune will be yours.'

A blue stocking was fetched, the money was put therein, and it—or rather another stocking of the like color, brought in the gypsy's basket, and dexterously exchanged for the other—was hung up as described, and away went the gypsy. That same night the tents of the Bohemians were struck, to be planted fifty or more miles away. Need I say that when the stocking was taken down, instead of revealing the hundred gold sovereigns, a number of round pieces of lead appalled the gaze of the deluded one!

Some young men are possessed of a shrewdness not expected in them, when judged by their appearance. The writer was once on a journey among the Dales. The morning was frosty. As he went along a highway, he was overtaken by a big, burly, half-witted-looking lad, on the back of a pony, which was fearfully afflicted in its lungs, as its loud wheezing testified.

'Your pony is short of breath, my lad, this morning,' said the writer.

'Duv yo think soa? Naa; aw think it's gotten ower mitch, an' can't git shut on't.'

And away trotted the pony, with its philosophic rider, leaving the writer to his reflections.

In these villages Methodist 'revivals' are common. A young farm servant had been 'brought in' in one of them, and in the heat of his enthusiasm he was heard at times praying aloud in the barn. On one such occasion a man stopped to listen. With vehemence the lad was saying 'O Lord, send the divil aat ov ar village wi' twa hats.'

'What does the lad mean?' said the listener to himself.

The meaning at length became plain. It was the custom of farm servants, when they left their places to return after a holiday, not to take with them more than the hat they wore; but when they left for good, the sign thereof was an extra hat in the hand. So the zeal of this young convert led him to ask that his satanic majesty might be sent away from among them, not to return—that is, that he might go 'with twa hats.'

An instance of an inventive genius in an illiterate farmer's boy, is too good to be forgotten. A small farmer hired a youth to assist him in the work of his farm as an indoor servant. The first piece of work he was set to do was to thresh out some corn. As the farmer was passing the barn in which the youth was at work, he heard the flail lazily keeping time to a tune the lad was singing. Stopping to listen, he ascertained that the words were 'Bread and cheese, tak' thy ease.'

Going into the house, the farmer said to his wife: 'This is a queer sort of lad we have gotten; he seems to think that the speed at which he ought to work should be measured by the kind of food he gets.' And then relating what he had heard, he suggested, 'Suppose we give him something different to dinner to-morrow, and see how that acts?'

This being agreed to, he had apple pie added to his bread and cheese. This brought down his flail somewhat more rapidly, for it was going to the speed wherewith the lad sang 'Apple pie according-ly.'

'Bob's doing a bit better to-day, lass,' said the farmer to his wife; 'let us mend his dinner again to-morrow, and see what that will bring forth.'

So when the next dinner-time came round, he had a good plate of beef and pudding set before him, which went down right grandly, and brought the flail into splendid action, to the words 'Beef and puddin', I'll gi'e thee a drubbin', and to a jolly good tune.'

'I see plainly,' said the farmer, 'if we wish to get good work out of Bob, we must feed him well'; so Bob had his bill of fare improved without having recourse to a strike.

In a village in a district crowded with inhabitants in the same latitude, but in a different longitude from those hitherto spoken of, and wherein the introduction of manufactures has produced a change in the habits of the people, a friend of the writer's once spent a Sunday. He dined at a farmhouse on a hillside, where the good things of this life were both abundant and good. The after-dinner conversation between him and the heads of the household was interrupted by the ingress of a young woman, who began to rummage a chest of drawers in an impatient style. After awhile, seeing that she did not find the object of her search, the mother asked aloud 'What at a *lateing*?' [seeking].

'T's lateing me shift,' was the girl's reply, snappishly.

'Ugh! thaa needn't late it ony longer,' said the mother, with perfect composure; 'for seein' nowt else, aw tuck th' lap on't to boil t' puddin' in.'

'I could not refrain from laughing outright,' said my informant, 'and felt glad that the task of eating the pudding had already been an accomplished fact.'

Before the passing of the Ballot Act, an election often gave 'free and independent electors' no small amount of anxiety, especially if their landlord was of a different political creed from his tenants. But I knew an instance of another kind. A large estate in the district about which I write was owned by a peer of the realm, who seemed to guide his political action more by the candidates in the field than by principle; for the tenants did not know how they would have to vote until the steward made known his lordship's will. So these sixty or seventy possessors of the franchise never suffered electioneering excitements to come near them until the day of the poll, when having received a circular the day previous to say that 'the Right Hon. Lord So-and-so wishes you to support Mr. So-and-so, and his lordship will be pleased if you can arrange to go to the poll in a body,' they dressed in their best, and drove, with most serene and contented countenances, to the town in which the polling-booth was situated.

One man there was who farmed under two landlords of diverse political

creeds. During my residence in the Dales there chanced to be an election for the division in which this worthy lived. Walking out with him one morning just before the day of election, I asked him if he had made up his mind as to the giving of his vote.

'O yes,' was the reply; and then, without waiting for another question, he said: 'I got a papper first fra th' General axing me to vote yellow. Of coorse I said "I will." Th' next day there com' a papper fra Maister Green, my uther landlord, axing me to vote blue. "Of coorse I will," was my reply.'

'What! do you mean to vote both ways, Mr. Claypole?'

'Sure-ly,' was the prompt reply; and then he added: 'Dun ye think as I would vex owther o' my landlords for the sake o' politics? Noa, noa; not soa. I knaws better nor that. I've written 'em boath to say, "I'll do as ye desire me"; so nowther on 'em can say as I've gone contrairy to his wishes.'

This Mr. Claypole was proverbial for his avarice, though he kept a capital table; but then most of what was served thereon was grown on his farms. It was therefore not a little surprising to the writer when the old gentleman said to him one day, as they were slowly walking through one of his fields: 'I breeds about fower dozen geease ivery year; but I doesn't sell yan; I either eats or gies 'em all away.' Seeing that my look was an incredulous one, he promptly added: 'But mind! aw taks varry good care wheree aw gies 'em'; then looking me steadily and earnestly in the face, he said, with perfect *sang-froid*, compressing his lips and nodding at the close of the utterance, 'Aw gi'es a goois wheree aw believes aw sall git a turkey.'

'Exactly!' was my response.

The writer happened to be present at a preaching service which was held in Claypole's kitchen one work-day evening. His better half was an earnest member of a Methodist body, and was vastly more liberal than her husband, who, however, kept her bare of money, so that it was with much difficulty that she could keep up her subscriptions to the 'cause.' There was to be a collection on this occasion, and it had been a subject of contention

beforehand how much each of them should give. Claypole said he would not give more than a few coppers; but Mrs. Claypole said she would give a shilling, 'that she would,' which she had managed to save somehow. 'You mun dew nowt ov th' kind,' was the imperious order of her liege lord. As the collector neared the person of Mrs. Claypole, the old man's eyes were fixed upon her with a steady and earnest gaze, believing that he would thereby frighten her into compliance with his wish. Mrs. Claypole saw the movement, and quailed beneath the stare. But waxing bold as the crisis came near, she clutched the shilling between her thumb and forefinger, and holding it up before his steady, forbidding look she said, loud enough for all to hear, 'It's ganging, see thee,' and down it dropped into the hat that did service as a collecting-box. I need not add that the poor woman had a bad time of it that night.

Upon the whole, there is much to reconcile one to a residence in these out-of-the-way places. The people generally are clean both in their persons and houses, and there is a solid comfort which cannot be found so prevalent among their kind in large places, and their kindness endears them to us. Their simplicity and credulity may now and again bring upon them certain pains and penalties, but for the most part they only result in harmless mirth. The iron road is beginning to penetrate these regions, and this will ere long be the means of greatly altering the character of the people; for when able to mingle with persons of a different mental calibre, and when made familiar with the vigor and acuteness of their more instructed brethren, they themselves will be inoculated with similar influences, and thus become incapable of declaring, as did an old lady when taken for the first time to the top of a neighboring hill: 'Hay! I didna think th' world wor soa big!'—*Chambers's Journal*.

No natural process has been discovered which can explain the origin of living matter; and if such process were discovered, it would only show that God had mysteriously bridged the gulf which separates the dead from the living.

IN THE FOURTH WATCH OF THE NIGHT.

St. Matthew xiv. 22-23.

Lo, in the moonless night,
In the rough wind's despite,
They ply the oar.
Keen gusts smite in their teeth;
The hoarse waves chafe beneath
With muffled roar.

Numb fingers, failing force,
Scarce serve to hold the course
Hard-won half-way,
When o'er the tossing tide,
Pallid and heavy-eyed,
Scowls the dim day.

And now in the wan light,
Walking the waters white,
A shape draws near.
Each soul, in troubled wise,
Staring with starting eyes,
Cries out for fear.

Each grasps his neighbor tight,
In helpless huddled fright
Shaken and swayed.
And lo! the Master nigh
Speaks softly, "It is I;
Be not afraid."

E'en so to us that strain
Over life's moaning main
Thou drawest near,
And, knowing not thy guise,
We gaze with troubled eyes,
And cry for fear.

A strange voice whispers low,
"This joy must thou forego,
Thy first and best."
A shrouded phantom stands
Crossing the best-loved hands
For churchyard rest.

Then, soft as is the fall
Of that white gleaming pall
By snowflakes made,
Still each startled cry,
Thou speakest, "It is I;
Be not afraid."

—Good Words.

We are in such a peculiar situation with regard to injuries done to ourselves, that we can scarce any more see them as they really are than our eye can see itself. If we could place ourselves at a due distance—i. e., be really unprejudicial—we should frequently discern that to be inadvertence and a mistake which we fancy to be malice or scorn. From this proper point of view we should likewise in all probability see something of these latter in ourselves, and most certainly a great deal of the former.—*Bishop Butler*.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

THE SCHOOLMA'AM'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

It was a cloudy, dismal October morning, and as the Schoolma'am drew aside her curtains and looked at the half-naked trees and the withered stalks of what had once been flowers, in the deserted garden-beds below, she could not help thinking how dreary it all was.

We all know how, unless we watch ourselves, the darkness or brightness without is apt to make darkness or brightness within.

I fear the Schoolma'am gave herself up too much to the influence of the weather, for the day before her looked far from cheerful. She thought of the long school hours, with the endless practice of the three Rs, and of a dozen other things to be done before and after school, all of which she chose to call tiresome. There was no time to lose, however, gloomy as the prospect was. She dressed quickly, and went down to breakfast. A few drops fell from the clouds as she walked toward the schoolhouse, and the whole out-of-door world seemed to be enacting Longfellow's "Rainy Day" to perfection—yes, even to the lines "Behind the clouds is the sun still shining."

Nine, ten, eleven o'clock came and passed. The Schoolma'am was just in the midst of explaining how, "if the lower number is greater than the one above it, you must add ten to the upper, then subtract, and add one to the next lower figure," when a knock startled her for the moment. She stepped to the door and spoke with the caller. The examples did not seem half so tiresome to her after that, and certainly she was in a much happier frame of mind when she took her place again. Perhaps it was because she had found that the sun was shining.

The children were dismissed half an hour earlier than usual, and the Schoolma'am locked the door behind the last scholar with a satisfied click, which was a clear demonstration of her feelings. She began to think, too, that she had been down-hearted without a cause, and that the world, after all, was a very nice sort of a place.

The fallen leaves rustled as her skirts swept lightly over them, and her hurrying feet scuffled them along. There was something very joyous about their incessant crackle.

'Are you ready?' called Mrs. Fellows above the stairs, about half an hour after the Schoolma'am had returned. 'You must dress warmly, and carry a wrap of some kind. It will be pretty cool on the water, I expect.'

Yes, the Schoolma'am was ready, and a brisk walk to the depot was not an unpleasant commencement of the afternoon's pleasuring. Arrived there, there were some introductions to be gotten through with—Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and Captain Stewart.

'Well, our engine is waiting,' said Captain Stewart, after he had welcomed the latest arrivals.

A ride on a locomotive! It hardly seemed possible to the Schoolma'am that she was really going to experience such a delightful novelty as that, and in such lively company too. Yes, it was quite true, and hands were stretched out to help her up the high step.

Toot! toot! and the gay company were speeding over the rails, and the sparks flew up over their heads, and the two shining threads of iron stretched out before them, and seemed to grow narrower in the distance. Rattle, rattle, faster, faster, over the rumbling bridge, and then the beautiful blue lake came in view.

'Here we are,' said the Captain. 'Now, ladies, just step out on this side, and let me help you down.'

There was a steep bank to descend, and then a short walk on planks and various little bridges, over the marshy beds of samphire, that looked like masses of exquisite red coral. At last the plank was reached by which they boarded the Cora.

The Cora, the Schoolma'am thought, was the perfection of a steam yacht, snug and comfortable, with room enough for the whole party, and yet not a great deal of surplus space. There was no time lost. The graceful yacht was off on the smooth bright water in less time than it takes to tell it. The sun had hidden itself behind another cloud by this time, but nobody cared for that now. There was too much brightness all around to miss it.

Away glided the boat, past two or three grim-looking manufactories just by the shore, whose tall chimneys rose up in defiance of all the beauty and picturesqueness about them. Broad fields of green and brown, with crooked fences to separate them, neat cottages, with gay marigolds shining out in the garden-beds before them, then other fields and smooth green hills, with here and there a tree turned red or brown or yellow; then a grove, where all the colors of the Autumn seemed blended in one harmonious whole; here and there an elm tree, shorn of all its covering, yet graceful still in its nakedness, stood out in bold contrast to the flame-colored maples and the deep mellow garnet of the oaks. The dark green of the pine trees and the few lingering golden leaves which still hung on the boughs of the chestnuts, made a beautiful bit of coloring. On and on went the little craft, and the merry voices of the party on board rang out over

the water, and echoed back from the hills. Still the sun was hidden, and a bank of clouds rose up behind the distant hills of misty blue in odd fantastic shapes, and added not a little to the beauty of the scenery. Further on the yacht came closer to the shore, and followed its marshy indentations for some distance.

A flock of wild geese was seen for an instant floating further out from the shore. In a moment they had taken flight, and the water dripped in sparkling beads from the tips of their pointed wings, and splashed again in the lake.

'What a shot, and not a gun in the party! O-o-o-o!'

'You like this scenery?' said Mr. Smith, turning to the Schoolma'am, after the excitement of wild geese had passed over.

The answer was decidedly in the affirmative.

'We're going to turn into the outlet now; it is very pretty along the shore there.'

'Very pretty,' didn't quite express it to the Schoolma'am's mind as the Cora glided round the point into the narrow channel which connected the lake with the Seneca river.

On either side the tall cat-tails lifted their stiff heads among the rushes and the brown and yellow ferns. Here and there bunches of red deadly nightshade berries drooped over among them. A grove of stately trees on the left bank came down almost to the water's edge, and the wild grapevines trailing gracefully from one to the other, dropped their yellow leaves, and they floated off like a miniature fleet on the still water. One scarlet maple stood alone, perfectly symmetrical in form, and clothed in its one shadeless, gorgeous tint from top to bottom. But jingle, jingle, went

the bell. What was the matter? Why were they stopping? "What is the trouble?" inquired several voices.

'Eel-grass,' was the laconic reply.

Backward and forward, puffing and steaming, ringing and jingling followed in rapid succession for some moments. They were so near the shore that the Schoolma'am thought she could almost reach some of the cat-tails, but they were just beyond the length of the longest arm in the party. But perhaps the longest arm in the party might have reached them had not the energetic Cora just at that moment freed herself from the entanglements of the eel-grass, and sped away under the bridge and around the turn into the beautiful Seneca river, just at the point where it serves for a canal as well.

The Schoolma'am was interested in watching the canal-boats which they passed, and she had vague wonderings as to what sort of lives those women lived in their floating homes. There were fine farms and orchards running down to the river's edge, and neat farm-houses. Occasionally a wagon-load of pumpkins was seen being drawn along the pretty country roads, and there were stout teams dragging great loads of cider barrels.

All this was so entertaining, and the conversation of the little party so lively, that the time seemed very short before they turned another corner and came under another bridge, and the Captain said that they were now on the Oswego. The broad, beautiful Oswego! How clear and sparkling it was! how lovely its banks, and how quiet and peaceful the homes were that looked out upon it!

The Schoolma'am thought of the old times when the red men pitched their wigwams on these fair, forest-lined shores, and lived in savage elegance on this spot which nature had

done so much to beautify. But then the Schoolma'am had been teaching United States history only a few hours before, though to her it seemed an age ago.

'Phoenix!' shouted one of the passengers from the bow, and looking ahead they all caught the first glimpse of the pretty little milling village nestled close by the river. Its white spires and tall cupolas and chimneys rose up among the flaming trees, and just then the sun coming out from behind its cloud, gilded the roofs and made all the windows looking westward blaze and sparkle.

'Half past four. We've made good time,' some one said, 'and now let us go to the hotel and leave our wraps and order supper, and then we'll walk about the town and see what there is to be seen.'

The neatest of country hotels is the H— House, with the rosiest, jolliest of landladies—a veritable Mrs. Lupin; and—well, Delmonico may serve up a better oyster stew, and possibly nicer coffee, and perhaps the cups may be thinner at that palace of American restaurants, but the Schoolma'am begs leave to doubt very much if there ever was finer-flavored coffee or a better oyster stew than those set before the Cora's hungry passengers on that October evening.

At six o'clock the party boarded her again. The sun had set, and the yellow afterglow lighted up the heavens and threw a golden brightness over the water. The shadows of the trees along the bank lengthened out, and made black, grotesque figures on the smooth water. All was still, save for the puffing of the little engine, and for a time it seemed as though any noise would be wholly incongruous with the surroundings. However, the same surroundings impress different minds in very different ways, and one

of the party broke the stillness by starting up 'The Babies on our Block,' and there was nothing to be done but for all to join in the chorus. Perhaps it was better so, for after this song followed others, then jokes and anecdotes, till the afterglow had faded quite away, and there was complete darkness.

The Captain lighted his head lantern. His jovial voice was silent for a time, and his eyes were peering out into the darkness. There were rocks ahead, and it was growing darker. Some one sang 'Row away, Row,' and the hills caught the words and brought them back.

The Schoolma'am was listening and looking too, for to her there was a subtle charm in the splashing and dripping of the water as the sharp bow cut through it, and about the darkness and the black outlines of the hills.

'Would you like to steer?' asked the Captain of her after the rocks were passed.

'Yes indeed I would,' was the answer, and with the Captain's guidance the Schoolma'am took the wheel.

There was a strange sensation of mingled awe and pleasure in being able, by so slight a touch of the wheel, to guide the little craft, and a feeling of responsibility was added to it when the Captain, after a few moments, stepped back and opened his organ and began to play. Still she stayed at the wheel while the Captain played air after air, but she felt something very like relief when he came back again and stood by her side, and was not a little flattered when he said 'Yes, we're all right, taking a pretty straight course.' Then the two fell to talking of other subjects, with 'Just a little more to the right,' or 'Now a trifle to the left,' thrown in occasionally, when a sudden stop was made, and the little

bell jingled again and again. It was not eel-grass this time, but a sand bar. The Cora was aground. The moon came up from behind a cloud, and made the particles of sand which rose up about the bow of the boat to look like liquid silver, and the jolly old man up there seemed laughing at the plight this pleasure party were in. The Captain, too, made light of it, and said 'the water was much lower than he supposed,' but the Schoolma'am felt a little mortified all the same. There was much puffing and steaming of the brave little engine, and much laughing at the situation, for all were disposed to make the best of it, and before many moments had passed the Cora was afloat again, and all too soon had reached her dock.

Where were the party to remain while another engine was telegraphed up from the city? The Captain had prepared for that too. He seemed never to forget anything which could give pleasure to others, and there and then he introduced the party to a 'Rudder Grange' in real life. A home, cosy and complete on a barge. There lived comfortably, and with some luxury too, a boatman and his family. It was very odd to be in that neat little floating parlor, with its gay carpet, its sofas and easy chairs, its stove, bright with polish, and the funny, cabin-like windows, with pretty chintz curtains. A table with a bright cover occupied one corner, and there was a stereoscope with views of the White Mountains to interest any visitor who was not sufficiently interested in the unique surroundings. As for the Schoolma'am, she had seen stereoscopic views of the White Mountains before, but never so strange and tasteful a little home as this.

The engine came before the half had been seen.

A ride of a few moments behind the

glowing headlight brought the party back to town and ordinary affairs once more. Then the good-nights were said, and those who had been strangers in the morning were friends in the evening when they gaily parted, and there was much talk of future meetings.

Perhaps there may be many future meetings in store for that merry company, yet the Schoolma'am does not believe that any future one will ever be so pleasant as this. Besides, she thinks it altogether probable that when they meet again it will be on land, and how much of the charm will be taken away by that circumstance, only those who sailed aboard the Cora that loveliest of October days can fully appreciate.

IN AUTUMN.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

Put on your beautiful garments,
O toiling earth, and rest!
The goal is won and the toil is done,
And now you may do your best—
Your robe of purple and scarlet,
Your tassels and plumes of gold,
The misty sheen of your veil of green,
And your mantle's crimson fold.

O earth, so glad and so fruitful!
O nature, so brave and true!
I would that we were as wise as ye
In the work we have to do!
We loiter and waste, we sow not,
Or scatter our seed in vain,
For the stony field must be *wrought* to yield
Its treasure of golden grain.

"Put on your beautiful garments,
O toiling soul, and rest!"
Faint heart of mine! to that call divine
Be all thy powers addressed;
Sowing beside all waters,
Faithful in that which is least,
Constant and still, do the Master's will
Till the time of toil has ceased.

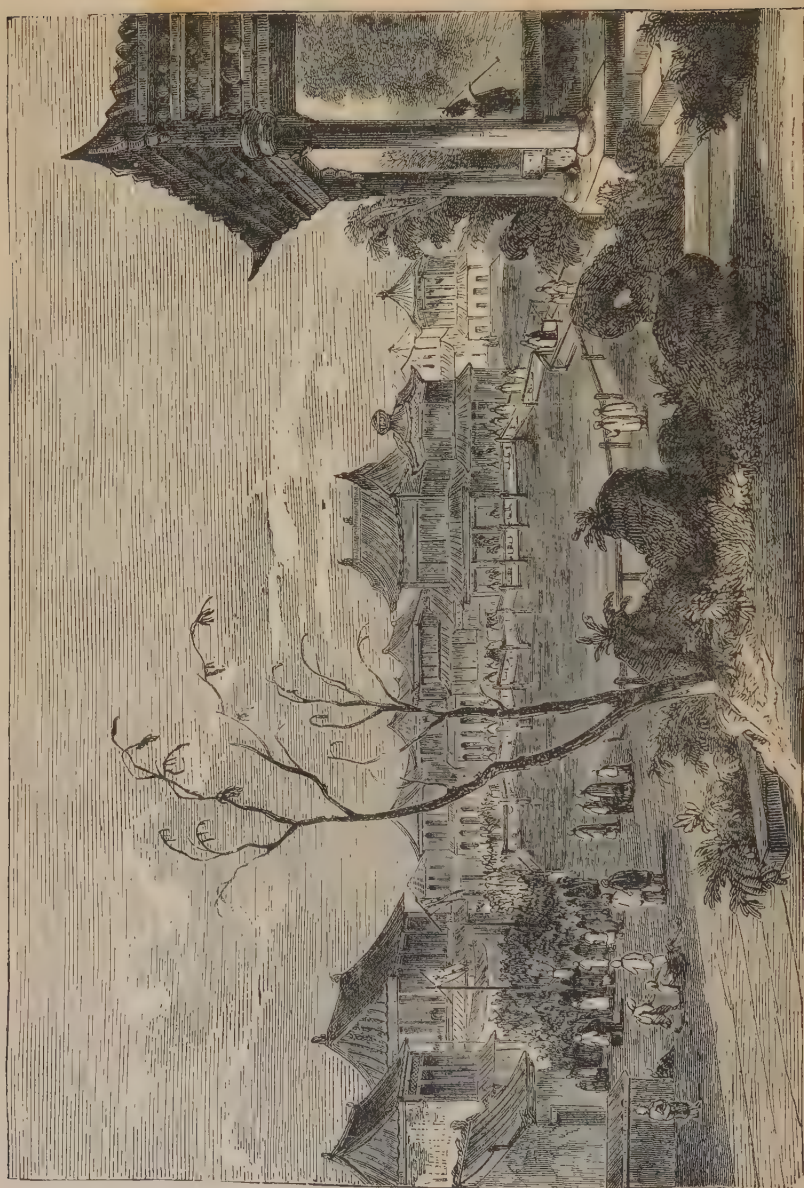
Then the peace that shall come and the gladness!
The service that shall be rest!
And the plaudit won of that word "Well done!"
And the Master's "Come, ye blest!"
O earth! in your sweet fruition
Rejoice and be glad!—but this,
The joy of a soul that has reached its goal,
Is a deeper, holier bliss.

The joys of religion are the encouragement of youth and the prop of old age. Without them we sicken even in the midst of prosperity, and with them, adversity loses all its terrors. They sweeten our slumbers; they soothe our waking hours.—*Faber.*

SCIENTIFIC.

CRACKED BEFORE.—The mother of the late Lord Brougham had a servant who was especially unfortunate with crockery, but who, at every misadventure, was ready with the excuse 'It was crackit before.' One morning little Harry, the future Lord Chancellor, tumbled downstairs, and his mother, in alarm, ran to him, calling out 'O boy! have you broken your head?' 'Weel, mither,' said the little fellow, 'it was crackit before.'

THE MOON AND THE WEATHER.—It is a popular belief that weather alters, for the worse or the better, with the changes of the moon. If there were any truth in this notion, it would be easily established by the accurate observations of modern science. Mr. Glaisher of the Royal Observatory, examined the records kept there during twenty years, and he says: "Changes of the weather have been as frequent at every age of the moon as when she has been seven, fourteen, twenty-one, or twenty-eight days old; therefore she cannot have had the slightest influence over any of them." Other scientific observers have found changes as marked about the first and third quarters as about new or full moon. In fact, there is no constant influence exerted either in the weight or moisture or other quality of the atmosphere on which weather depends. The notion of the moon's influence is a relic of superstition which attributed to the heavenly bodies a powerful influence over human affairs. The belief is held chiefly by farmers, who, having heard of changes at the new or full moon, are very keen to expect them. When the coincidence occurs, as it must do occasionally by the law of probabilities, their belief is strengthened. But they do not note with equal certainty the more frequent occasions when the coincidence fails; and when the season is favorable, the subject probably passes without observation of any kind. The change of the moon being continuous, it is *a priori* improbable that an unusual influence should be exerted at the arbitrary periods of the full and new moon, or the quarters, and science gives no support to the popular notion.



A CHINESE TEA-GARDEN.

From the immense quantities of tea consumed in the world one would suppose those engaged in its production to be the proprietors of vast plantations, with extensive works for preparing the article for market. On the contrary, such growers are very few. As in the case of silk, tea is usually

raised by small proprietors, each family producing what it can. Tea-gardens, therefore, are a common sight, and are beautified and made pleasant according to the thrift and taste of the proprietor. The plants are raised from seed, and bear at from two or three to ten or twelve years of age, the average yield being about six ounces to a plant. There are three gatherings—the first of the young and tender leaves in April; the second of the full-sized leaves in May; a third takes place about the middle of July. Sometimes there is even a fourth. But the later pickings make only an inferior kind of tea.

The teas consumed in America are inferior to those in China, for the reason that it is necessary to prepare them by a thorough drying to endure the long voyage. Better teas, however, are obtained in this country since they have come to us directly across the Pacific. The Russians are able to obtain teas of much finer flavor since they import them overland by the way of Siberia. However, it is pretty certain that neither the best nor the poorest teas are exported from their native country. The poorest will not bear transportation, and the finest would lose their delicate flavor. The following, found in the history of the Earl of McCartney's embassy to China, is said to be a true account of the manner in which tea first became an article of commerce with other nations:

Early in the seventeenth century some Dutch adventurers, seeking for such objects as might fetch a price in China, and hearing of the general usage there of a beverage from a plant of the country, bethought themselves of trying how far a European plant of supposed great virtues might also be relished by the Chinese, and thereby become a salable commodity amongst them, and accordingly intro-

duced to them the herb *sage*, so much once extolled by the Salernian school of physic as a powerful preservative of health; the Dutch accepting in return the Chinese *tea*, which they brought to Europe.

WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF THE CLERGY.

There is a corporation for the relief of the widows and orphans of the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New York, in its five Dioceses having over \$187,000 invested, two-thirds of the interest of which is annually divided among its annuitants, the other third being set aside for the increase of the fund; to which all the clergy of our Church in the State are eligible as members by simply sending \$8 (and this annually) to the Treasurer, R. M. Harrison, 110 Broadway, New York. A large family in 1876 received \$580. Only about eighty out of the 722 clergy in the five Dioceses of the State avail themselves of this noble charity for their families. This is strange indeed. It can only be because they know nothing about it. This is the only explanation of their seeming folly in this apparent neglect. I wish them to know it. G. L. P.

Tivoli, N. Y., Oct. 25, 1880.

Some persons talk of the uniformity of nature as if "the laws of nature" were necessary instead of contingent; depending on brute matter instead of on the Creator's will. Bishop Butler thus refers to this notion: "Though one were to allow any confused undeterminate sense, which people might please to put upon the word 'natural,' it would be a shortness of thought scarce credible to imagine that no system or course of things can be so, but only what can be seen at present." The "laws of nature" refer only to the *existing* order and condition of things, which might in many respects be different, and may be different in future.

Editor's Portfolio.

We give elsewhere a paper read by Prebendary Meyrick before the Leicester Church Congress. Our readers will perceive that notwithstanding attempts in Roman Catholic quarters to belittle the reform movement, and notwithstanding difficulties which we in this country can scarce appreciate, the work goes on successfully. Two bishops, 120 priests, 106,000 lay members, and 300,000 sympathizers, is not a small showing. Efforts have been made in some quarters to alienate the sympathies of Protestants by statements to the effect that though the Old Catholics, M. Loyson, and others may not be Romanists, having submitted to excommunication, yet neither are they Protestants; that they hold doctrines which Protestants everywhere reject, and would not suffer clergy in their own communion to hold or teach. The reply to this is found in the words of Dr. Meyrick: "They have either rejected those peculiarities which distinguish Romish from Primitive doctrine, or they are proceeding in that direction with as great a rapidity as any wise man among ourselves would desire." It would be of all things most unreasonable to suppose men born and reared in the Roman Church, accustomed to yield implicitly to authority, forbidden freedom of thought except within certain limits, when they find themselves absolutely compelled, if they would be true to conscience and to God, to face the anathemas of their Church—capable of at once seeing all their former errors and renouncing them. Having discovered that their Church does not always speak the voice of God—that it has even contradicted itself—it takes time to learn what particular doctrines rest upon the dictum of a fragment of the

Church, and what ones have the sure warrant of God's word and the witness of Catholic antiquity.

The Bishop of Long Island has sailed for Europe, having been invited by the syndicate of the University of Cambridge, England, to deliver a series of sermons in the University pulpit, a position that has hitherto been filled only by the most distinguished clergymen and bishops of the English Church.

Surely we have fallen upon portentous times. The current is setting steadily and surely in the direction of Church union. On both sides of the water there constantly appear what are but trifles in themselves, but like straws upon the surface show which way the tide has turned. Occasionally there appear movements of greater magnitude—occurrences which could not possibly, in the ordinary course of things, have taken place a quarter of a century ago. One of the most striking is the appearance of the Nonconformist ministers at the Leicester Church Congress, their cordial and manly address, and the noble reply of the Bishop of Peterborough. We have now to record another event of different, but perhaps of equal, significance on this side of the water. A Presbyterian Council has recently been held in Philadelphia, at which Dr. Hitchcock of the Union Theological Seminary in this city read a paper on "The Ceremonial, the Moral and the Emotional in Christian Worship." The writer is a large-minded, large-hearted Presbyterian. He brings before his hearers facts which they ought to know, but of which the vast majority of Christians at the present day are wholly ignorant. He claims, for example, that a

liturgy is in perfect accordance with early Presbyterian views, and that that baldness of worship which now is hurting Presbyterianism in so many ways, is not one of their old traditions. He believes a liturgy necessary for them, and that it will come. Not only so, but that there will be among them a revival of the old Church year. He says :

Prayer especially is a great inspiration and a high art. Somehow the old Collects put us all to shame. Christendom to-day could better spare any treatise of Athanasius than the prayer of Chrysostom, "Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of Thy servants, as may be most expedient for them, granting us in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting." The further on we get down the centuries the more precious will be to us the long, unbroken melodies of praise and prayer.

I anticipate also a revival of the old Church year. Clear back, close up to the apostolic times, we find at least Passover, Pentecost, and Epiphany. Christmas appears not long after. And then the calendar is crowded rapidly with festivals, which disgusted our Protestant fathers, bringing the whole system into disrepute. As between Puritan and Papist, we side, of course, with the Puritan; but the older way is better than either. Judaism had more than its weekly Sabbath; and Christendom needs more, and is steadily taking more. Christmas is leading this new procession. Good-Friday, Easter, and Whitsuntide are not far behind. These at least can do us no harm. They emphasize the three grand facts and features of our religion—Incarnation, Atonement, and Regeneration.

This could not have been said in a Presbyterian Council twenty-five years ago. But for years past intelligent Presbyterians have been feeling that there is a great want in their system, and their thoughts have set in the direction of a liturgy. A tentative one, "Eutaxia," has been published, and in some of their congregations

a liturgical service has been adopted. To be sure, Martin Luther, John Calvin, John Knox, and the early reformers generally were liturgists, but a liturgy has been long disused among them, and the old cry of Popery has been persistently raised whenever its use was suggested. But now inherited prejudices are giving way, and with the removal of such clouds more than a liturgy is revealed to their sight. The idea of Church union is beginning to assume coherence among them as well as others. But Church union there never can be until among Presbyterians, and others besides them, there is manifest a spirit like that which appears among the opening sentences of Dr. Hitchcock's paper :

This, our Presbyterian Alliance, of course emphasizes Presbyterianism, but in no hard, narrow, narrowing way. It looks out in all directions, and is actually leading out into wider fellowships. Its next logical consequent had already in fact preceded it. I mean the ecumenic *Protestant Alliance*, Evangelical we call it, which in 1552 John Calvin, as he wrote to Cranmer, would have crossed ten seas to assist in consummating. In time we shall see that still better ecumenic *Christian Alliance*, of which there is scarcely a sign as yet. And then at last, in God's own time, far down the horizon now, we shall have not union only, but unity, the real unity, for which our Lord prayed and the ages wait.

The General Convention adjourned on Wednesday, Oct. 27th, after a session of unexampled interest and harmony. Much zeal was manifested in the missionary work of the Church, and on several occasions the entire Convention sat as the Board of Missions. Among the measures adopted were provision for shortened services cut of the Prayer Book; a plan for raising a million of dollars for church building; for raising a fund for the

assistance of disabled clergy ; a new lectionary. The Convention refused its consent to the request of the Diocese of Virginia for an Assistant Bishop ; to adopt the proposed canon on discipline ; to reopen the case of Bishop McCoskry ; to set apart a Bishop for the colored population ; to reduce the number of deputies from each diocese ; to sanction some proposed changes in the Prayer Book ; to change the law in the case of communicants who have not communed for over a year ; to change the law in the case of clergymen who have renounced the ministry of the Church, but wish to return. The House refused to concur in a canon adopted by the House of Bishops, regulating Sisterhoods. The Rev. John A. Paddock, D.D., of Long Island, was elected Missionary Bishop of Washington Territory, and the Rev. George H. Dunlop of Missouri, Missionary Bishop of New Mexico.

Theatre-going is not in very good repute among good Christian people generally. Some have thought it ought to be, and have tried to make it so. But no one that we have ever heard of ever supposed that an immoral play could be fit for decent, to say nothing of religious, people to attend. Under the same head of unfitness for virtuous people should be classed blasphemous plays, or plays where the most reverent feelings of the devout are shocked—such, for example, would be the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play, if performed under the conditions of ordinary plays. The only palliation ever offered for the Passion Play was that it was entered into religiously by a simple, unworldly, and thoroughly devout people, and not for gain. Take these conditions away and we may well be shocked for the spiritual condition of those who

claim to be Christian people, and yet could be guilty of being present at a representation. We are glad to perceive that *The New York Mirror*, "a reflex of the dramatic events of the week," is earnestly engaged in the endeavor to prevent, if possible, the production of this play as "an evil endangering the welfare of the profession and the drama." It says that if the manager who has undertaken this work "persists in his intention, legislation will be brought to bear that will result in the passage of a special law preventing the shocking and repulsive exhibition from taking place."

While speaking of theatres, another point may be worth considering. The position and associations of actors, both male and female, render them peculiarly liable to temptation. This none will more freely admit than actors themselves ; among whose number are not a few who bear themselves nobly through the ordeal, and present lives of unquestioned purity and integrity. But let us suppose the case of a person of notoriously disreputable character, whose infamy is proclaimed on both continents, and whose whole biography, if published, would be suppressed as an immoral book—suppose, we say, a person of such description should appear upon the stage in one of our cities. Notoriety would no doubt add to whatever talent such a character might have in securing an audience. But how about respectable people—we are not speaking now of devout Christians ; there can be no doubt as to what they would do ; but people of common decency, who avoid, and try to keep their sons and daughters from what is polluting, people whose self-respect would lead them to shun what is contaminating, who would gather up their garments as they pass by a vile character, shrink-

ing from the very touch—would many such respectable people countenance such a one by their presence? Or is respectability a laquer so thin that it disappears in the presence of a celebrity?

MONTHLY MAGAZINES.

The leading paper in *Appletons' Journal* for November is an important article on 'The Rights of Married Women,' by Mr. Francis King Carey of Baltimore, in which there is a rapid glance at the history of marital relations, and a discussion of the present status of married women in the principal States of the Union. The writer sums up with a statement in the form of an imaginary legislative act, granting the woman rights independent of her husband in the matter of holding and disposing of real and personal estate, and providing that after marriage neither husband nor wife is to have any rights in each other's property, except by inheritance or under special arrangement. Following this is the second and concluding part of André Theuriet's novelette 'All Alone.' As this story turns on the divorce question in France, its position, in connection with Mr. Carey's article, is a notable coincidence. The papers that follow are very varied in character, consisting of a striking paper on 'The Growth of Sculpture,' by Grant Allen; a vivid 'Colorado Sketch,' by the Earl of Dunraven; an exceedingly dramatic and interesting biographical sketch of the great composer Berlioz, under the title of 'The Life and Passion of Hector Berlioz,' which is from the pen of Edward King. Then there is a paper on 'Guizot's Private Life,' derived from the recent volume under the same title by Guizot's daughter. Part IV. of that excellent and most valuable series, 'The Influence of Art in Daily Life,' is on 'Beauty.' 'Literary Success a Hundred

Years Ago,' by Margaret Hunt, should be read by young writers. There is no doubt that Hannah More was a great success. Nor can there be any doubt that in this century her writings would have been a failure. Why? Here is one answer:

Hannah More's success being an undoubted fact, it remains to consider in what kind of a world it was won. London was at her feet; but the London of those days was something very like a small country town now, and the circle of wits was limited. Mrs. More often went to parties from which it was remarked that not one woman in London distinguished for taste or literature was absent. It was as easy then to count the heads in which was to be found a little wit and learning, as for Ali Baba in his tree to number the robbers down below; for society was composed of one small, select, though by no means refined, circle, the members of which were all well known to each other. A moderately good play, poem, or novel then met with a recognition more complete than would now be accorded to a work even of genius. Society is in fact now split up into circles innumerable, some of which touch and meet, but others remain apart to all eternity; and it would be quite possible for a work which moved the members of one circle to its very outermost and innermost rings, to remain forever unknown and unheard of by all the members of the other. Besides, when considering Hannah More's popularity, it is hardly possible to make sufficient allowance for the mighty and all-conquering power of commonplace. In all ages it has stirred thousands to enthusiasm. Really good and great books always make their mark sooner or later, but not with such steady certainty as a good bit of commonplace work, which surprises you by no unexpected ideas, but jogs on comfortably on a level with your own intelligence, without disturbing you by requiring any thought. Who are the poets of the present day who can stand the test of being asked to produce their literary balance-sheets? Has any one made as much money as Tupper? Have Carlyle's essays been half so popular as those of A. K. H.

B.? Added to this, there are innumerable people who think it a duty to pass their Sundays in a "dim religious light" of dulness. They must not read anything but good books, by which they understand the Bible, sermons, essays on moral culture, and feeble volumes of religious verse. It must, therefore, be readily seen that a writer who supplies these persons with a change of reading which they like, is sure of both fame and fortune. In Hannah More's days there were hardly any of these books to be had (the taste of the age was not elevated enough to find pleasure in the grand old sermons of Jeremy Taylor and the men of his time), and it must be owned besides that every one, high and low, did want a great deal of teaching, and very rudimentary teaching, too, as is proved by Sir Joshua's complaint that nearly all the visitors who came to his studio to see his "Infant Samuel" had to ask him who Samuel was.

There is an essay entitled 'The New Renaissance, or The Gospel of Intensity,' in which the affectations of the new æsthetic Burne-Jones and Rossetti school are brilliantly satirized; a group of novels is reviewed. 'Anecdotes of English Rural Life,' by an English clergyman, we give elsewhere. The Editor's Table never fails to be excellent, but is always too brief.

Harper's Magazine for November—concluding the sixty-first volume—taken as a whole, is a most beautiful number. The opening paper, 'Saint Cecilia,' gives her real and legendary history, with a description of her church in Rome. It includes among its illustrations copies of the two celebrated paintings by Domenicho and Raphael. Reproductions of the poems relating to St. Cecilia, by Dryden, Addison, and Pope, and one by Mme. Emile de Girardin, translated by Gustafson, are also given. W. H. Gibson has, if possible, excelled his previous work. What could be more exquisite than these graceful illustrations in his 'Autumn Pastoral'? The illustra-

tions of Mr. Chadwick's interesting paper on 'Western Massachusetts' are also excellent, as are those in Gaston Fay's 'Saline Types.' In this the writer describes with evident accuracy several of the 'old salts' of Long Island, and relates anecdotes in connection with them. The XXIX. chapter of 'Washington Square' ends abruptly, leaving the hero and heroine, after the most approved manner, in a very tantalizing position. A very timely article, and one containing many valuable hints, is 'Securing a Competence,' by Titus Munson Coan. The reader must not overlook the chapter of 'Old Dutch Masters,' containing the biographies of Brauwer, Van Ostade, and Jan Steen, with portraits and engravings of pictures characteristic of their different styles. The poems are by Alfred Tennyson, Hart Lyman, A. K. Haven, Margaret Valey, and Paul H. Hayne. 'White Wings' is concluded. There are other numerous interesting articles; and the Editor's Drawer is as amusing as usual.

Scribner's Magazine with this November number begins its tenth year, and puts on a dress suitable for even a greater number of years. The frontispiece is an engraving by Cole of Millet's fine composition, 'The Sower.' Part I. of Peter the Great ended in the October number, but the opening paper of this magazine considers him as Ruler and Reformer, and is also by Eugene Schuyler. 'The Secret of Second Sight,' by Henry Hutton, is an explanation, 'by an ex-conjuror,' of a trick which has mystified many an audience. A romantic history of an old New Jersey town and some of its past inhabitants, is told by Joseph B. Gilder in Bordentown and the Bonapartes. Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman gives at length a discriminating criticism on Walt Whitman's poetry.

The third paper of Sensier's excellent 'Life of Jean Francois Millet' appears. Also a sketch of Elihu Vedder's work, in which Charles De Kay praises the man and his work, but at the same time does not spare him where he most needs criticism. 'Zerviah Hope,' by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, is as good a short story as has been seen in the *Scribner* for some time. There are contributions also by Richard Henry Dana, E. S. Nadal, and others. The essay on Gladstone is a very able analysis of the character and genius of the great statesman.

The reading matter in the November *St. Nicholas* is good—all of it. We wish we could say as much for all the illustrations. The frontispiece is unfortunately not up to the *St. Nicholas* standard, though the faults may in some measure rest with the engraver. The first story is 'The Crew of the Captain's Gig,' by Sophie Sweet, and is about a family who kept a lighthouse. The illustrations are by H. P. Share and M. J. Burns. 'Mystery in a Mansion' is a new serial by a nameless author. Frank R. Stockton, who wrote 'Ting-a-Ling,' a book of fairy tales, as good if not better than any other modern ones, always writes good stories for children, containing bright thoughts and 'hits,' which are quite as much appreciated by older heads. 'The Magician's Daughter' is a story of this kind, and the authorship unmistakable. Two other very good stories are 'Golden Hair,' a Russian folk story, by C. D. Robinson; and the 'Crow Child,' by Mary Mapes Dodge. A sugar-coated pill is on the subject of the 'Swiss Glaciers,' by James B. Marshall. The rest of the number is made up of a variety of good reading and pictures. There is a promise of 'the finest number *St. Nicholas* ever issued,' next month.

HOLY DAYS IN NOVEMBER.

ALL SAINTS' DAY, NOV. 1ST.

The Church calls upon us to honor God for the gift of His grace which has been manifested in the lives of Saints in all ages. That divine grace being not of man—for we can of ourselves do no good thing—wherever we find righteousness and a holy and humble waking before God, it is God, not man, that is to be praised therefor. And yet this grace of God every person has the capacity to receive. It is offered, and of his own free will one may accept or reject it.

Hence we are not to regard the Saints either as highly favored ones who were born into the world free from all infirmities, or as those of whose hearts the Spirit has taken violent possession, and made them against their wills holy. We are expressly taught that they were men of like infirmities and passions with ourselves. There would be no propriety in setting them forth as an encouragement for us were they beings of a superior order.

The Apostle, in enumerating (in Heb. xi.) a catalogue of saints, does not mention the name of our Lord. But after he has recited the deeds of Abel and Enoch, and Abraham and David and Samuel and others, whom he declares to be a cloud of witnesses for us, he adds, "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." As much as to say, These saints were men of like infirmities with yourselves, and yet they, through faith, attained a high degree of holiness and favor with God; therefore you may do the same. But there was One without these infirmities—the Author and Finisher of that faith which bore them triumphantly through temptations and adversities. And as these saints, notwithstanding their spiritual attain-

ments, yet through human weakness sometimes sinned, so even the best of them is not a perfect example for you. Take their holiness as an encouragement, as an evidence of what you can attain; but when you think of their shortcomings, look not to them but to Jesus for an example.

The Church, which has many Saints' days, commemorative of the piety and fortitude of those whose names the days respectively bear, would also honor that innumerable host "of whom the world was not worthy," but whose deeds, and often their names, are unrecorded. In this festival there is no sanction given to the custom of praying *to* the saints departed, or asking them to pray for us. Misunderstanding on this subject has arisen, from confounding two things entirely distinct. The saints departed are in Paradise awaiting the resurrection of the just. They are not in a state of unconsciousness, and they may recall to mind the friends they have left upon earth, and their struggles in the Christian warfare. Nor is there any difficulty in supposing that they pray to the Father to help those friends in their contest against sin, the world, and the devil. Now the asking God to hear the prayers which they offer is a very different thing from praying *to them*, and asking them to pray for us. The one is addressing prayer to God; the other is addressing prayer to men. And as God can hear prayer because He is Omniscient and Omnipresent, so to address saints departed in supplication is to admit that they are omniscient and omnipresent.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY, NOV. 30TH.

St. Andrew was born at Bethsaida, a city of Galilee. He was the son of Jonas, and brother of Simon Peter. He was a disciple of John the Baptist, who instructed his followers to expect

and prepare for the speedy coming of the Messiah. Jesus one day passed by as John stood with Andrew and another disciple. The Baptist exclaimed "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." This, then, was indeed the long-looked-for Messiah. Both, without a moment's hesitation, left John and followed Jesus to his home. Andrew at once seeks his brother Simon Peter, and says "We have found the Messiah." It is a mistake to suppose that our Lord at once gathered the twelve together, and made them His constant companions. His ministry was sometimes in private, and from house to house. Sometimes He was alone, though generally attended by at least two or three of His disciples. It was about a year after Andrew had accepted Jesus as the Messiah that our Lord, walking by the Sea of Galilee, saw the two brothers casting their nets into the sea. "And He saith unto them, Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men, and straightway they left their nets and followed Him."

After Pentecost, when the disciples separated on their mission to go into all the world and preach the Gospel, Andrew, it is believed, labored in Scythia and the neighboring countries. He came at length to Patrae in Achaia, where he labored most zealously. Endeavoring to convert the proconsul, the latter commanded him to be scourged and crucified. But to protract his sufferings, it was ordered that he should not be nailed but tied with thongs to his cross. And to add even then to the torture, the cross was not made in the usual manner, but in the shape of a letter X, which form is familiarly known as the St. Andrew's cross.

Be always at leisure to do good; never make business an excuse to decline the offices of humanity.

Sunday School Lessons.

As recommended by the Members of the several Committees on "Uniform Sunday School Lessons," appointed by the Bishops of the Dioceses of New York, Long Island, New Jersey, Central New York, Ohio, and Southern Ohio, and by the Committees representing the Diocese of Massachusetts and the Sunday School Association of Philadelphia.

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The People Ask for a King.

Text to be Learned.

IT IS BETTER TO TRUST IN THE LORD THAN TO PUT CONFIDENCE IN PRINCES. Ps. cxviii. 9.

The Lesson.—1 Sam. viii. 1-9.

1. And it came to pass, when Samuel was old, that he made his sons judges over Israel.

2. Now the name of his first-born was Joel, and the name of his second, Abiah; they were judges in Beersheba.

3. And his sons walked not in his ways, but turned aside after lucre, and took bribes, and perverted judgment.

4. Then all the elders of Israel gathered themselves together, and came to Samuel unto Ramah.

5. And said unto him, Behold, thou art old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways; now make us a king to judge us like all the nations.

6. But the thing displeased Samuel, when they said, Give us a king to judge us. And Samuel prayed unto the Lord.

7. And the Lord said unto Samuel, Harken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee; for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected Me, that I should not reign over them.

8. According to all the works which they have done since the day that I brought them up out of Egypt even unto this day, wherewith they have forsaken Me, and served other gods, so do they also unto thee.

9. Now, therefore, hearken unto their voice: howbeit yet protest solemnly unto them, and show them the manner of the king that shall reign over them.

Samuel had come before the nation as a prophet, in a remarkable manner. He was not a rough-clad man, dwelling in the desert, leading the life of an ascetic, and occasionally coming before the people with his heavenly message. He had been consecrated to God before his birth. The Lord had made him a prophet in his childhood. He was the first prophet given to the nation after Moses, and fulfilled in one sense the promise, a prophet from among the people shall the Lord raise up to you like unto me. The

full realization of that prophecy was granted in the person of our Lord and Saviour. The people did respect Samuel and listen to his counsel. But it was a peculiarity of that perverse nation that renewed providences and mercies seemed powerless to restrain their obstinate and rebellious spirit. Samuel had now grown old, and doubtless finding his office too great a burden to be borne alone, he committed a part of the duties to his sons. These sons, alas, though the pious Samuel was their father, fell away from the righteous precepts in which they had been instructed, and "took bribes and perverted judgment."

The desire for a king had no doubt long been cherished. They were ambitious to be as other nations. The rule of judges was simple and unostentatious. They longed for the pomp and splendor of royalty. But there had been no good excuse for demanding this. But now the conduct of Samuel's sons gave them a plausible occasion, and they said "Make us a king to judge us like all the nations." The distinguishing peculiarity of this nation had been that God was their Sovereign, and while loyal to Him, no foe could stand before them. But they walked by sight, and not by faith. They must have a king "like all the nations." The reply to Samuel's prayer was "They have not rejected thee, but they have rejected Me." Their petition was granted, but in anger, not in love. Saith the Psalmist, "I gave them a king in Mine anger, and took him away in My

wrath." Samuel was directed to show them the manner of king they were to have, which he did. But notwithstanding the recital of grievances which they would be called upon to endure, their reply was "Nay, but we will have a king over us."

QUESTIONS.

1. What did Samuel do when he was old? He made his sons judges over Israel.

2. What is said of these sons of Samuel? That they walked not in his ways.

3. How was that? They turned aside after riches, took bribes, and perverted judgment.

4. What did the elders of Israel do? They came to Samuel unto Ramah.

5. What did they say unto him? Behold thou art old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways.

6. What else did they say? Make us a king to judge us, like all the nations.

7. How did Samuel feel about this? The thing displeased him.

8. What did he do in consequence? He prayed unto the Lord for advice.

9. What did the Lord say to him? Hearken unto the voice of the people in all they say unto thee.

10. What else did He say? "For they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected Me, that I should not rule over them."

11. While Samuel hearkened unto their voice, what was he to do? To protest solemnly unto them.

12. What else was he to do? To show them what they would have to expect from having a king to rule over them.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

13. Why did the Israelites say they desired a king? Verse 5.

14. What was the true reason? Because they wished to be like the other nations.

15. Why was God displeased for this? Verse 7, last part.

CATECHISM.

The Lord's Prayer.

THE COLLECT.

O Lord, we beseech Thee, absolve Thy people from their offences; that through Thy bountiful goodness we may all be delivered from the bands of those sins which by our frailty we have committed: Grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our blessed Lord and Saviour. Amen.

TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Saul is Made King.

Text to be Learned.

HE THAT RULETH OVER MEN MUST BE JUST, RULING IN THE FEAR OF GOD.—2 Sam. xxiii. 3.

The Lesson—1 Sam. x. 17-24.

17. And Samuel called the people together unto the Lord to Mizpeh:

18. And said unto the children of Israel, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, I brought up Israel out of Egypt, and delivered you out of the hand of the Egyptians, and out of the hand of all kingdoms, and of them that oppressed you:

19. And ye have this day rejected your God, who Himself saved you out of all your adversities and your tribulations; and ye have said unto Him, Nay, but set a king over us. Now, therefore, present yourselves before the Lord by your tribes, and by your thousands.

20. And when Samuel had caused all the tribes of Israel to come near, the tribe of Benjamin was taken.

21. When he had caused the tribe of Benjamin to come near by their families, the family of Matri was taken, and Saul the son of Kish was taken; and when they sought him, he could not be found.

22. Therefore they inquired of the Lord further, if the man should yet come thither. And the Lord answered, Behold, he hath hid himself among the stuff.

23. And they ran and fetched him thence; and when he stood among the people, he was higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upward.

24. And Samuel said to all the people, See ye him whom the Lord hath chosen, that there is none like him among all the people? And all the people shouted, and said, God save the king.

The time had now come when the chosen people, who, in desiring a king, had rejected the authority of God as their Sovereign, were to have their wish gratified. We are often led to murmur that God does not hear and answer our prayers. Is it not a mer-

cy that sometimes He does not? Would it not have been a mercy to Israel had God refused to grant their request? No doubt at times God denies our prayer because He is angry with us. It may be that He sometimes grants our petition for the same reason.

Samuel summoned the nation to meet him at Mizpeh. He then recounted the great mercies and marvellous deeds that had been wrought in their behalf, showing what care, tenderness, and love had been bestowed upon them as the own people of God, and how great was the folly and how base the ingratitude that would grow weary of such a ruler.

Samuel already knew whom the Lord had chosen to be the first king of Israel. Before this time Saul had, by the guiding hand of Providence, been brought to the dwelling of Samuel, and the prophet had been made to know him as the future king. He had even anointed Saul, and conversed with him on the subject of the kingdom. But all this was unknown to the people. Saul, with a humility in striking contrast with the pride and stubbornness which afterward appeared in his character, shrank from the fearful trust. "Am not I a Benjamite, of the smallest of the tribes of Israel, and my family the least of all the families of the tribe of Benjamin? Wherefore speakest thou so to me?" Though he told his father of his interview with Samuel, instead of boasting that he had been chosen for the ruler of the nation, he did not even mention that subject.

Samuel now called upon all the tribes to pass before him. The choice fell upon that of Benjamin. The tribe of Benjamin passing by, the family of Matri was taken, and of that family Saul. With the modesty before exhibited, the candidate for royal hon-

ors concealed himself, and it was not until inquiry of the Lord that his hiding place was disclosed. He was brought out, and stood before the multitude, taller and more goodly in appearance than any of the nation. The people shouted "God save the king." The outward appearance, the pomp of royalty, the name of having a king—this was the snare into which the people fell. Their faith in the inward had given way to the delusion of the outward. They obtained their king, and to the title was added all that they could desire as to form and stature.

QUESTIONS.

1. Why was it wrong for the Israelites to ask a king? Because God was their king.

2. Of what sin, then, were the Israelites guilty? Rejecting God.

2. Where did Samuel gather the people? At Mizpeh.

4. Of what did he remind them? Of God's great mercy and care for them.

5. How was the choice made? The tribes and families passed before Samuel, and Saul was selected.

6. Where was Saul? He had hidden himself.

7. When they found him, what was done? He stood among the people.

8. What was his appearance? "He was higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upward."

9. What did Samuel say of him? There is none like him among all the people.

10. What did the people say? God save the king.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

11. Why did the Israelites desire a king to rule over them? 1 Sam. viii. 5.

12. What evil did they commit in asking for a king? 1 Sam. viii. 7.

13. What direction did Samuel receive from the Lord? 1 Sam. viii. 22.

14. How was the future king of Is-

rael made known to Samuel? 1 Sam. ix. 15-17.

15. How did Saul receive the announcement that he was to be made king? 1 Sam. ix. 21.

16. What special honor did Samuel pay to Saul? 1 Sam. x. 22-24.

17. How was Saul consecrated for his high office? 1 Sam. x. 1.

18. What three signs did Samuel give Saul to assure him that God was with him? 1 Sam. x. 2-7.

CATECHISM.

Question. You said that your Sponsors did promise for you, that you should keep God's commandments. Tell me how many there are?

Answer. Ten.

Q. What are they?

A. The same which God spake in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, saying, I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. Thou shalt have none other gods but Me.

II. Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me, and show mercy unto thousands in them that love Me and keep My commandments.

THE COLLECT.

O Lord, we beseech Thee to keep Thy Church and household continually in Thy true religion; that they who do lean only upon the hope of Thy heavenly grace, may evermore be defended by Thy mighty power; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

TWENTY-SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Against Intemperance.

Text to be Learned.

WHETHER THEREFORE YE EAT, OR DRINK, OR WHATSOEVER YE DO, DO ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD.—1. Cor. x. 31.

The Lesson.—Prov. xxiii. 32.

29. Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath bab-

bling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

30. They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

31. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

32. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

In verses 29, 30, and 32 are pictured certain consequences which follow a condition of habitual and excessive wine-bibbing described in verse 30, and that also it is a consequence of the luxurious living intimated in verse 31. Woe, sorrow, contentions, are the portion of the wine-bibber. Before these come babbling, wounds without cause, redness of eyes. They come as the natural effect of tarrying long at the wine.

Examining the verses with reference to this order, we have first a picture of persons giving themselves up to the gratification of an appetite for delicious drinks. That which is pleasant to the taste becomes more pleasing from habit; then there is a luxurious indulgence in it. Its rosy color is a pleasure to look upon, as is its sparkling in the cup, "when it moveth itself aright"—another rendering of which is full as expressive, "when it glideth down smoothly." Whatever may be said with regard to the common use of wine when the Proverbs were written, none surely can fail to see the force of the precept contained in verse 31, of the evil of its luxurious use. The next stage is indicated in verse 30. Here we have the description of one who has become the habitual wine-bibber and the reveller—"They go to seek mixed wine." Another rendering is "They go to *try* mixed wine." It represents the condition of one who has become, in modern phrase, a "connoisseur," an "expert" in discovering wines by the taste and trying various mixtures. Then comes the revel at night and the hours protracted until morning.

We can distinguish such persons as we pass them in the street or follow them to their haunts. There are redness of eyes, babbling, contentions; there is woe and sorrow. Literally it is "Whose is oh? whose is woe?" The time has come when that which began as a pleasurable indulgence bites like a serpent and stings like an adder. The constitution has yielded to the influence. And so has the character. Wounds without cause and contentions indicate the drunken brawl—the man become beastly.

Man was made in the image of God. But his soul is placed in this casement of flesh which, with its desires and appetites, is the inlet of sin. We are placed in this clayey tenement. We cannot in life cast it off. But this is our mission and trial upon earth—that the soul may rule the body, the Godlike hold the fleshly in subjection. It is our life-struggle. On the issue rests our portion for eternity. But there is one rule which, faithfully adhered to, will bring us out victors at the end—whether we eat or drink, or *whatsoever* we do, do *all* to the glory of God.

QUESTIONS.

1. Against what sin does Solomon here warn us? The sin of intemperance.
2. What kind of intemperance? Drunkenness.
3. What does it cause? Woe, sorrow, and contentions.
4. What more? Babbling, wounds without cause, and redness of eyes.
5. Is the drunkard only affected by this vice? No; his family suffer and are disgraced.
6. What does Solomon name as that which will prevent drunkenness? Verse 31.
7. What rule does St. Paul recommend? 1 Cor. x. 31.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

8. Is there no other kind of intemperance but drunkenness? Excessive indulgence of any kind is intemperance.

9. How does St. Paul class drunkenness? Among the works of the flesh.

10. What does he say of these? "They who do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

HYMN 472.

Breast the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest;
Onward and onward still
Be thine endeavor;
The rest that remaineth
Will be forever.

Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee;
He who hath promised
Faltereth never;
He who hath loved so well,
Loveth forever.

Lift thine eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it repositeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done,
Praise Him forever.

THE COLLECT.

Stir up, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the wills of Thy faithful people: that they, plenteously bringing forth the fruit of good works, may by Thee be plenteously rewarded, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

What He Said about being Ready for His Coming.

Text to be Learned.

THE NIGHT IS FAR SPENT; THE DAY IS AT HAND; LET US THEREFORE CAST OFF THE WORKS OF DARKNESS, AND LET US PUT ON THE ARMOR OF LIGHT. Rom. xiii. 12.

The Lesson—St. Luke xii. 35-40.

35. Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning;

36. And ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately.

37. Blessed are those servants whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching; verily I say unto you that he shall gird him-

self, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them.

38. And if he shall come in the second watch, or come in the third watch, and find them so, blessed are those servants.

39. And this know, that if the good man of the house had known what hour the thief would come, he would have watched, and not have suffered his house to be broken through.

30. Be ye therefore ready also, for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not.

The Lord on several occasions warned His disciples, and through them the Church for all ages, to be ready for His coming, whenever that might be, whether in the second watch or the third watch. It is even said "Of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father." They are mysterious words. But as "the heir, so long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all," so the Son of God, acting in His capacity as "heir of all things," but not yet come to the inheritance, had His eyes closed to that divine secret. The prophets of old did not fully understand the purport of their own predictions, and from them both the time and manner of their fulfilment were hidden. Let this be the answer to those who, from the fact that the Apostles and early disciples seem to have been mistaken as to the time of the Lord's coming, draw the conclusion that they could not have been divinely taught in uttering their predictions.

As the Second Advent is to be secret and sudden, so all Christians, both they who heard the solemn words when first uttered, and they who read them to-day, are exhorted "Let your loins be girded about and your lights burning." The long-flowing dress worn in those days impeded active movement. Hence, when any would be prepared for a sudden call to start on a journey, or for any emergency, their garments must be girded about them.

And as servants waiting for their master, who at any hour of the night might return from a wedding feast, and knock for admission, kept their lamps both trimmed and burning, so it becomes those who know not at what hour our Lord shall appear, to be found waiting and watching.

The feast was a common figure of joy or happiness. As the expression of this kind of reward to be bestowed upon the servants who, faithful in their Lord's absence, are ready to greet Him at His coming, He pictures to them a feast at which the servants themselves sit down and the Master serves. This same figure is repeated in Rev. iii. 20, where the Lord represents Himself as standing at the door and knocking, and "If any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with Me." But the Lord will come suddenly. "The Son of Man cometh in such an hour as ye think not," says He. "The day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night," say both St. Paul (1 Thess. v. 2) and St. Peter (2 Pet. iii. 10). The lesson is obvious: any householder can protect his property, provided he knows when the thief will come. But as he does not know this, he will watch unceasingly.

QUESTIONS.

1. What Sunday is this? The first Sunday in Advent.
2. How many Sundays in Advent are there? Four.
3. What does Advent mean? Coming.
4. When was the first Advent or coming of our Lord? When He was born in Bethlehem.
5. What festival do we keep in memory of that Advent? Christmas.
6. At the same time what else are we to prepare for? His second Advent.

7. When will His second Advent be? When He comes to judge the world.

8. When will that be? "Of that day and hour knoweth no man." Matt. xxiv. 36.

9. What ought we to do to be ready for the second coming of our Lord? "Always to live in such a state that we may never be afraid to die."

10. How does the Collect for the day say that our Lord came the first time? In great humility.

11. How does it say He will come the second time? In glorious majesty.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

12. What is meant by having the loins girded about? It was customary to wear a long loose dress, which had to be girded or bound about the body when one would be ready for active work.

13. What is meant by having the lights burning? Servants who waited at night for the coming of their master, must have their lamps lighted.

14. How did our Saviour apply these figures of the girded loins and burning lights? Verses 35, 36.

15. Of what event was He speaking? Of His coming to judgment.

16. What is that called? His second Advent.

17. How did He represent the suddenness of His coming? Matt. xxiv. 27-29.

18. What does He say of those servants who at His coming will be found watching? They are blessed.

19. How does He say He will treat them? Verse 37.

20. What was the custom at a feast? The master and the guests "sat down to meat," and the servants girded themselves to serve them.

21. But how were those servants sometimes rewarded who had been remarkably faithful? They were invited to eat with the master.

22. How was a still greater distinction sometimes bestowed? The servants were invited to sit down to eat, while the master served.

23. Where is something like this foretold of those who shall be found watching when the Lord comes? Rev. iii. 20.

24. How was the night divided by watches? There were four of them.

25. Name them. The first from six to nine in the evening; the second from nine to twelve; the third from twelve to three; the fourth from three to six in the morning.

26. Where else is the sudden coming of Christ compared to that of a thief in the night? 1 Thess. v. 2; 2 Pet. iii. 10.

CATECHISM.

Question. What is your name?

Answer. N. or M.

Q. Who gave you this name?

A. My Sponsors in Baptism, wherein I was made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.

Q. What did your Sponsors then for you?

A. They did promise and vow three things in my name: First, that I should renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanity of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh; secondly, that I should believe all the Articles of the Christian Faith; and thirdly, that I should keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of my life.

THE COLLECT.

Almighty God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armor of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which Thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day, when He shall come again in His glorious Majesty to judge both the quick and dead, we may rise to the life immortal; through Him who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, now and ever. Amen.

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